The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1927 NUMBER 661

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The Week

AT LATEST accounts, the British representatives to Geneva were being sent back from London with instructions not to compromise further, and with more instructions as to how to absolve Britain of the odium for the failure of the conference, and lay it at the door of the United States. A more useless mission, except for electioneering purposes of the Conservative party, we cannot well conceive. It certainly can do nothing to improve Anglo-American relations or to bring reduction of armaments nearer. Responsibility for failure of the conference is joint, and unless all concerned recognize this fact, it will probably do more harm than good. The British are willing to grant us parity, strictly interpreted as ship for ship and gun for gun. But they want to retain a large fleet of small cruisers, which, though they do not say so, is necessary to police neutral commerce and prevent us from trading with their enemy in the event of a war in which we are not engaged. The Americans want to reduce total tonnage. But they insist on a theoretical parity with the British, which implies not an actual equality of ships and guns, but the opportunity to build more heavy cruisers than the British (since we have not so many naval bases) and to keep merchant vessels from being armed as effective commerce destroyers. These divergent aims cannot be accommodated. The British, under the kind of agreement our representatives want, could not equal the fighting strength we might produce, except by sacrificing their large fleet of small cruisers. The United States, under the kind of agreement Britain wants, could not equal her fighting strength except close to our shores, though we could have as many small cruisers with which to police neutral commerce. In both cases, the objections arise from competitive navalism, and both sides are responsible for the deadlock.

THE death of King Ferdinand is likely to mark the beginning of a period of civil strife in Rumania even more violent than that she has been passing through in recent years. Despite the renunciation of his right to the throne by Crown Prince Carol eighteen months ago, there is danger of an uprising on his behalf. Queen Marie is also ambitious on her own account, and may decline to continue in a subordinate position under the rule of the Bratiano brothers, as is intended by the regency scheme with its elevation to the throne of the unlucky youngster, five-year-old Michael. The international situation in the Balkans will be affected by the results of the impending struggle: the Bratianos are, on the whole, in favor of the old pro-French policy; Carol is pro-Italy. Europe will not draw a full breath again until it knows which way the cat will jump—and how it will land.

M. POINCARE has at last consented to admit that a distinction should be drawn between the German people and the German government, in the matter of war guilt. When Germany is ready to

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drop the subject, he said, France will be ready to agree that only the pre-war monarchist governments in Berlin and Vienna were to blame. This is a handsome concession on the part of the Premier, even though he still ignores the verdict of nearly all reputable historians. But M. Poincaré omits one important fact. The theory of German guilt was written into the Treaty of Versailles. It was made the basis for crushing and unjust peace terms under which Germany is still struggling. The German people repudiated that government which he now says was alone guilty, and did so before the Armistice was signed, before the Treaty had been made. Is M. Poincaré now prepared to accept a revision of the peace terms which would undo the wrong then committed against the German people?

IF the people of New York City suffer from a subway strike, they ought to know whom to blame. The strike will be voted and carried out by employees of the subway companies, for the purpose of dealing with those companies through representatives of their own choosing. The Interborough executives refuse to deal with any representatives except those of the Brotherhood which the company itself has established. The men, impelled by the risk of losing their employment if they refuse, are coerced into signing individual contracts designating that Brotherhood as their representative, and agreeing not to join the legitimate union of their trade—the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees. The Amalgamated Association, nevertheless, declares that a large majority of the men have joined it; and if the men strike, they will prove by that action that they prefer to negotiate through it. Any other means of expressing that preference has been denied to the men by the company, not only by its action in coercing them to agree to deal through the company Brotherhood, but by its refusal to permit a secret ballot to discover which organization the men really favor. The right to negotiate through representatives of their own choosing is a fundamental right of wage-earners, inherent in collective bargaining, and is recognized as such by the fair-minded. Any inconvenience to the public caused by a strike is secondary in importance to the assertion of this right, where it is denied. If the public cannot bring about the peaceful granting of the right, especially on its own property, it has no business objecting to an attempt of the workers to establish it for themselves in the only way left them to do so.

IT is often said that there is no right to strike in public utilities or essential industries. This statement is not good law, nor is it invariably justified ethically. It is true that the employees of the utility have a heavy obligation to the public convenience, but it is also true that the public has an obligation to the employees. The Amalgamated Association has recognized its obligation to the public by adopting the policy of arbitrating all disputes in which it may be engaged. But it cannot exercise this policy when the employers will not deal with it or accept the presence of its representatives at any joint hearing, in arbitration or otherwise. The recognition of an autonomous union is the first requisite to any genuine form of collective adjustment of labor disputes. When, therefore, the dispute is over the recognition of the union which the employees have chosen, it is a fundamental one on which there can be no just compromise. A strike to establish this right, if it cannot be obtained by peaceful means, is an essential preliminary to any exercise of the employees' obligation to the public. The public's obligation to the employees, so long as true collective bargaining has not been established, has not been carried out.

THE proceedings by which the state of Massachusetts is seeking to give to the case of Sacco and Vanzetti the review which is regarded everywhere as a matter of elementary justice, but which the judicial system of the state denies, are so unprecedented that it is natural that in regard to them considerable misunderstanding should prevail. The resources of the courts having been exhausted, the only appeal is to Governor Fuller, who, with the advice and consent of the Governor's Council, a sort of elected cabinet, can pardon the convicted men. Governor Fuller announced that he would himself take full responsibility, and has proceeded with great industry and thoroughness to inform himself in regard to the case. He has also asked three gentlemen of Boston, namely, A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, Samuel W. Stratton, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Robert Grant, ex-Probate Judge, to review the case and render an opinion.

THERE are thus two separate and distinct examinations of the case proceeding simultaneously and independently. The Governor's review is secret. He is undertaking to examine all possible testimony in the first, or Bridgewater, case against Vanzetti, and in the later South Braintree case, whether the witnesses appeared in court or not. He has interviewed the jurymen, the attorneys, the Judge, who, it is said, having tried the first case, sought employment in the second. He has spent several hours with the accused and with Madeiros, their fellow prisoner, who has confessed to the Braintree crime. He will hear at the suggestion of the defense any person who knows anything bearing on the case, but the defense does not know, except so far as the newspapers may discover, whom he sees on his own initiative, or what questions are asked and answers given. The proceedings are unchecked by cross-examination, although the Governor is attended by his personal counsel. The Commission, on the other hand, is sitting as a court, except that its sessions are not open to the public. Its

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review is restricted to the South Braintree case, and it is hearing only new testimony, its members being presumably familiar with the record. It is also concerning itself with the fairness of the trial and the competence of Judge Thayer. It has heard the testimony of the Italian consul in Boston and various newspaper men as to Judge Thayer's behavior in court, and that of such men as Mr. George W. Crocker, Professor Richardson and others as to his behavior outside. The counsel for the accused has been present and allowed to cross-examine, except when Judge Thayer and C f Justice Perley Hall, of the Superior Court, w e before the Commission. Counsel on both sides delivered final arguments on July 25.

AS has been said, such proceedings are quite without precedent. It is natural that they should arouse criticism. It is pointed out that the Commission is drawn from the class in Boston most of whose members have sworn death to Sacco and Vanzetti, and that one, possibly two, of its members, before being chosen, are reported to have expressed themselves as believing that Sacco and Vanzetti should die. It is natural that the defense should distrust the bias of the Commission. From what leaks out in regard to the Governor's conversations, it is feared that he is not getting at the pertinent facts and that he is allowing himself to be confused by the mass of irrelevant detail and opinion which is brought to him. On the other hand, it may be believed that the evidence of Judge Thayer's misconduct is so gross and palpable that, set forth in full, it will convince even a Commission choked with class prejudice, and that the three wise men will, however reluctantly, advise the Governor that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a fair trial within the meaning of the law. It may further be believed that personal acquaintance with Sacco and Vanzetti will suggest to a fair-minded layman the strong antecedent improbability that these men could and did perpetrate a professional crime such as that at South Braintree; and, further, that a consideration of all the direct and collateral evidence in the case will bring such a man to the conviction that the immense preponderance of it weighs in favor of the innocence of the accused. We believe that Governor Fuller is taking extraordinary pains to rectify the faults of judicial procedure in Massachusetts and to save the state from a judicial crime.

INDIANA politicians are on tenter-hooks as the famous "black boxes" of D. C. Stephenson are opened. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and political dictator for Indiana, is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for the murder of a young woman. He had been promised that if he would take his medicine, temporarily, he would be released as soon as public interest had died down. This not having been done, he feels he was betrayed, and proposes to get his revenge by filling the penitentiary with his former associates. He claims to have aided the election of numerous state and federal officials, sometimes with the expenditure of large sums for bribery and otherwise; and a preliminary investigation of his papers seems to bear out his boast. We await the details with interest but without surprise. Everyone knows that the Klan went in for political corruption on a large scale in Indiana, as it has done in other states. The only questions remaining to be answered are, Who got the money and how much?

A SHORT time ago, a man named Ludwig Lee was arrested in New York City, charged with the murder of two elderly women. Lee claims that extraordinary methods were used by the police to force a confession from him. He was, he says, beaten until two ribs were broken and his body was "a mass of huge bruises." Some of his hair was pulled out; his legs and arms were twisted, causing excruciating torture; he was kept without sleep, and almost constantly questioned, for the better part of four days and nights. His attorney, believing not unnaturally that this sort of brutality, if proved, would be an important element in his trial when it takes place next October, has sought to have Lee examined in his cell by a physician, and photographs taken of his bruises (which, obviously, will have disappeared in the course of a short time). Both these requests the police have denied. The attorney sought successively in three courts for an order overruling the police, but in vain. Lee was born in Norway, and the Norwegian Legation finally appealed to the State Department, which, in turn, has asked Governor Smith to look into the case. We trust he will, and that his investigation will not end until he has found out the whole truth about police methods. Only a short time before Lee was arrested, a New York attorney declared in court that torture is habitually used by the New York police in the effort to extort confessions from prisoners. There is not another civilized country in the world which would tolerate such practices; and if they exist here, it is high time they were stamped out.

FOR once, the tenderly-guarded radio listener has heard something unusual. On a recent Sunday, fifty-three radio stations, the largest number ever joined in one chain, were hooked together to hear a violent assault on the ministry, and on "regular" religion in general, by J. F. Rutherford, successor to the late Pastor Russell of the famous slogan, "Millions now living will never die." The incident grew out of a "dare" uttered by Rutherford to Merlin H. Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company, at a hearing before the Federal Radio Commission. Rutherford challenged Aylesworth to let him use the services of the latter's company. Aylesworth consented, and the result was the dissemination to the ends of the earth of an

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extraordinary speech, which charged that the clergy are in alliance with the capitalists who, Rutherford said, dominate American life today. Our guess is that all this didn't do the radio audience one bit of harm. The authorities who control the air are in general, in our judgment, far too timid about that supposedly sensitive soul, the listener-in. The reason for this is, presumably, that radio broadcasting is still controlled by men with a "public utility" type of mind, ignorant of what the public wants and of its ability to survive rough treatment. Having made the plunge and survived it, we hope Mr. Aylesworth and his organization will profit by the experience.

THE pollution of news from China by Mr. Frederick Moore, a correspondent of the New York Times, has already been the subject of comment in our columns. His animus appeared unmistakably last Sunday in a letter, dated June 15, in which he records an interview of some hours with one Dr. Wakefield, a medical missionary. The importance of the interview to Mr. Moore consisted in the fact that Dr. Wakefield "was one of those missionaries who resent the fact that many of his colleagues . . .accepted Nationalism at the value the Chinese students put upon it." There follows a revelation of what used to be, but is, happily, no longer, known as the typical missionary mind. Dr. Wakefield thinks his colleagues are "blind to the effect of 'Nationalist' teaching of bitter hate, often with utter disregard for the truth." When was Nationalism ever propagated without hatred and falsehood? Certainly not in the United States. He objects to the row over the killing of a "small number of Chinese students by the police of Shanghai" and the massacre of the Chinese at Wanhsien by the British, when the Chinese themselves kill scores or hundreds of thousands and call it civil war. Once more we ask, How do other nations discriminate between massacre of their citizens by foreign forces and the organized slaughter of civil war? Just as they do between private murder and war. Dr. Wakefield attacks the policy of missionary boards in advising their men to defer to Chinese Christian opinion. This failure on the part of missionaries to lead, "as they had the duty and right to do" (in bringing a superior morality to China) opened the way to "the Bolshevist agents' corrupting agitation." Of course, Dr. Wakefield may be the victim of Mr. Moore's conception of journalism, but, as he is represented, he is a perfect exponent of the belated policy of treating China in its relation to foreigners as no other nation would submit to be treated.

THE Vatican is generally, and rightly, supposed to be served by diplomats as shrewd as those who aid any of the temporal powers of Europe. It is surprising, therefore, to read in its official paper, the Osservatore Romano, an attack upon America. Using as its excuse a warning to Europe to be on guard against "educational" motion pictures made in the United States, the Papal organ says (in the translation of the correspondent of the New York Times):

> America is a very great country which has been led to believe by the undoubted superiority of the dollar that it also possesses spiritual superiority.
>
> A certain American spirit, possessed of extraordinary practical qualities, considers force as a philosophy and the aphorisms of Ford as criticisms of pure reasoning, and can perhaps adapt itself to the ultra-modern mentality, but we find it very defective . . . Old Europe, whose soil is formed of the glorious dust of ten civilizations, cannot easily forsake its past to accept with eyes closed the improvised civilization from beyond the Atlantic . . . Let certain Americans keep their material leadership. We wish only to keep our spiritual leadership.

Several things might well have been added by this clerical writer. He should have said that, in so far as what he says is true, it is not a matter calling for moral reprobation, but a probably temporary condition, the result of factors beyond any human control. He could also have observed that Europe is in fact "Americanizing" itself just as rapidly and completely as its financial resources will permit. What the Vatican's spokesman is in fact railing at is industrial civilization; it happens to have operated more successfully in America than elsewhere, but it is today a world-wide phenomenon.

Our Nicaraguan Policy: Theory and Practice

ON APRIL 25, President Coolidge, in a speech at a dinner of the United Press Association in New York City, for the first time made explicit the policy toward Nicaragua and other Central American countries, which the United States has been following for a considerable period of time. "Toward the governments of countries which we have recognized this side of Panama," he said, "we feel a moral responsibility that does not attach to other nations." No government will be recognized by us in that part of the world if it has come into being through revolution; and recognition, when given, carries with it approbation and an obligation to support the regime thus endorsed.

Acts of the United States in Nicaragua before and since the President made this declaration show that the obligation is, in practice, interpreted to include supplying arms and ammunition to an approved government on the most generous long-time credit; the creation of blockades to prevent revolutionary forces from obtaining weapons; and setting up of "neutralized zones," maintained by American armed forces, which make impossible a victory by the revolutionists, while facilitating the triumphs

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of the established regime; negotiation of a compulsory "truce," followed by the disarming of the revolutionists under threat of military action against them by the United States; and the policing of the country by American Marines.

In Nicaragua, it so happens that this policy has been enforced, so to speak, in defiance of itself. For the "orderly government" which we have elected to support is merely a camouflaged form of one which came into power through a military coup. The regime we have denounced as revolutionary, whose effort to obtain control of the country has been stamped out by our intervention and by no other means whatsoever, has an excellent claim to be the rightful heir of the last properly elected government, and to represent the wishes of a majority of the Nicaraguan people. These facts, of course, President Coolidge and his advisors might admit and yet claim validity for their general policy. On grounds of expediency, they might say, they must take the situation as they find it and make the facts fit the theory as nearly as may be. If there is a black shadow over the legitimacy of the Managua government, it remains true that the Liberal forces were openly attempting that violent revolution which Washington views with such horror—now that our own violent revolution has receded a hundred and fifty years into the background. The elections which are to be held next year under our auspices will presumably establish a government representing the present will of that portion of the Nicaraguan public which is interested in political matters at all; and thenceforward it will be possible to apply the Wilson-Coolidge policy in a better atmosphere.

Like most human products, this theory has its good and its bad points. It is an over-simplification to attribute our policy toward Central America solely to the investments of our business men there, to the machinations of the international bankers, or to our desire to dig another canal and to establish naval bases. While these things are important, they do not tell the whole story, and undoubtedly there is also a wish to assist the native populations. Few human impulses are so difficult to resist as the desire to do good to other people, whether they want it or not. In the past, Central American politics has only too often been accompanied by a degree of bloodshed which seems to the Anglo-Saxon appalling. Moreover, throughout the American tropics there is great poverty and ignorance. Disease runs riot and the natives make few efforts to check it. It is perfectly true that, while the United States is suppressing civil liberties—as in Haiti, for instance—and ruthlessly exterminating those who resist, it also builds roads, schools and hospitals, it disinfects and vaccinates, pries loose the strangling local money-lender, teaches better methods of agriculture. Our national conscience sees nothing incongruous in having the same hand wield by turns the whip, the surgeon's knife and the blackboard chalk. If our primary motive in extending our rule to the shores of the Caribbean is economic and selfish, we at least manage to complicate the issue by forcing on our unwilling wards some standards which are an improvement.

But our occupation of Nicaragua has proceeded on other lines. Almost at the beginning of our supposedly benevolent supervision, an incident has occurred which the most fervent apologist for our policy cannot fail to deplore. One general of the Liberal forces refused to surrender his arms two months ago when told to. He defied the United States; and recently he attacked a little outpost of our Marines—an outpost so small, and so precariously placed, that it is hard to believe it was not deliberately intended to be the bait in a trap. This outpost defended itself, and was presently reinforced by five bombing planes, against which the Nicaraguan forces, equipped with rifles and machine guns, were all but helpless. Result: one American killed and two wounded; at least 200, perhaps 300, Nicaraguans killed and many wounded.

This affair has had the result which was to be expected. It has aroused almost universal censure of the American policy and practice. The Pan-American Federation of Labor, which happened to be in session in Washington, is under the wing of the American Federation of Labor and is as moderate as that body. Even so, it was with difficulty dissuaded from adopting a resolution denouncing in the strongest terms the American intervention. It finally accepted a compromise wording expressing "regret" over the affair and urging the immediate withdrawal of all American armed forces from Nicaraguan soil, leaving the people of that country free in future to solve their own problems in their own way.

The incident has also been denounced roundly in the European press, as an example of brutal American imperialism at its worst. We have not yet seen the comment of the South American newspapers, but it is not difficult to predict its tenor. Nearly the whole world, unconvinced of our disinterestedness, and skeptical of our ability to carry out the task we have undertaken, looks with horror upon the appalling bloodshed with which we enter upon the work.

Dreadful as the incident of Ocotal is, it may prove worth all it has cost. It will serve a useful purpose if it causes President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg to stop and think out the implications of the course upon which they have embarked. It is probably too much to expect them to realize that, as the world stands today, no nation is wise and good enough to rule any other; but at least they may discover that a policy which costs us the ill will of all Latin America may be too expensive even for a country so strong and rich as the United States.

In the long run, whether the present administra-

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tion recognizes it or not, there is only one way out of this muddle. If a situation arises in any Central American country which calls for action by any other power, that action should be international in character; it should be taken in accordance with agreements previously made, and to which all the parties concerned have subscribed. What is needed is in fact a League of American Nations, in which all shall have a voice and no action shall be taken by one power, in defiance of public opinion and international law, merely because it happens to have the guns and men with which to enforce its will. We are incessantly preaching this doctrine to Europe as a cure for all her ills; but in our own hemisphere we refuse to practise what we preach. We maintain the Monroe Doctrine as a unilateral policy of the United States which Latin America must accept whether it likes to or not; what we do in the Caribbean is our business, we say, and no one's else. It is no wonder, therefore, that we are viewed with distrust and fear everywhere from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. It is the attitude we have invited; and it will not change until we abandon our pretensions to an overlordship of two continents.

Oil, Righteousness and Russia

IT IS easy to adopt lofty attitudes in the controversy about dealing with Soviet Russia. Mr. Hughes did so when he was Secretary of State, and repeatedly pointed out the unrighteousness of recognizing a government which repudiated the debts and agreements of its predecessor. The British government recently did so when it raided the premises of the Russian trading agency in London, and cancelled its trade agreement. The Royal Dutch Petroleum Company did so the other day when it criticized the purchase of Russian oil by the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company, accusing the Russian government of "political theft" of oil properties, and recalling the failure to agree on compensation for its Russian claims which preceded the break between Britain and Russia. Ivy Lee, public relations counsel for the Standard of New York and the Vacuum, has done so in his privately printed book, "U. S. S. R., a World Enigma," wherein he points out subtly that if we invest capital in Russia and trade with her, we may so improve the economic standards of the Russians that they will no longer be horrid Bolsheviks, trying to undermine capitalism in the West and to stir up trouble in the East, but will be saved from revolutionary doctrines just as the American workers have been saved, by prosperity. Lewis E. Pierson, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, has just done so in his unfavorable reply to Ivy Lee's suggestion for a Russian bureau to promote trade, wherein he "resents" the implication "that for commercial gain American business recognizes, even to this extent, the Soviet regime, which by pronouncements of its leaders and by its deeds has proved to be one of continuous tyranny, bad faith, confiscation of property and denial of individual rights."

The pedestals upon which these lofty attitudes are struck, however, appear to rest securely on the ground. Secretary Hughes, who as Secretary of State would not soil his fingers by touching the international outlaw, is now counsel for the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company, which are being so cheaply rebuked for buying and selling the "stolen" Russian oil. The Royal Dutch interests, which with the Anglo-Persian Company are in part owned by the British government, attempted and failed in 1922 at Genoa, and probably later as well, to secure a monopoly control of Russian oil. They fear, moreover, the competition of the Standard of New York, with cheap Russian oil, in their Eastern market. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has protested against the Russian dealings of its sister concerns, is closely affiliated with Royal Dutch, has also attempted unsuccessfully to obtain a monopoly of Russian oil, and is particularly put out because it bet on the fall or surrender of the Soviet government by buying the Nobel holdings in Russia after the Revolution, and because it has failed to receive compensation for these properties (which had already been confiscated when it bought them).

Still another complication is brought out by a more recent statement of Sir Henry Deterding of the Royal Dutch Company. He points out that the oil industry in the United States is now suffering from over-production, and that the accession of cheap Russian supplies to the international market will further embarrass the producers here. What is really involved, if we read this argument aright, is not so much political honesty as the desirability of restricting the supply in the interest of a higher price. Sir Henry states that the Standard of New York and the Vacuum Company do not care particularly about this damage to the producer, since they are not producers but traders, and benefit by getting their supplies cheaply. The corollary to this proposition, which Sir Henry does not state, is that the Royal Dutch and the Standard of New Jersey are heavily interested in production, in this country as well as elsewhere, and want the supply restricted. Sir Henry neatly says that, however much the view of the two offending companies may seem to be justified by the logic of the trader, "it is a short view, and the folly of it is bound to be shown in the future. Short-sighted people run greater risks of being run over by the traffic than those who have good eyes." In other words, according to our translation, the surplus is only temporary, there will come a time when world supplies

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are short, and then the Royal Dutch and affiliated interests, who control most of the undeveloped fields, will steer the trucks and will not look out for bad boys.

One must go back a little to put this interesting picture in its setting. Oil production was developed first in the United States, and for long we have furnished the greater part of the world's supply. During the War, our wells filled the tanks of the Allies, and the British navy, in particular, was dependent on them. The American companies were thus in a dominant position. But after the War, we woke up to find that, according to the estimates of geologists, the available supply in this country was being rapidly exhausted, and, at the existing rate of increase in production, would not last many years. In the meantime, the Royal Dutch and Anglo-Persian companies, which were closely affiliated with the British government and largely British-owned, had secured rights to most of the undeveloped fields elsewhere. The American oil interests immediately moved to strengthen their position. There were international controversies about Mesopotamian and other fields. Our State Department, under Mr. Hughes, abetted the efforts of the American companies to protect and obtain concessions throughout the world. It was seen that the squabble over control of the future supply of oil was a danger-spot in international relations. Oil was not only a valuable commercial property, it was essential to navies and merchant marines, and, in turn, navies and merchant marines were necessary to protect and carry oil across the seven seas. If Britain obtained a monopoly of future supplies, our navy would be dependent on her, and she would be enabled to profiteer in our great oil market. If she did not obtain large supplies, she would be dependent on us. The controversy was at length adjusted, not through official diplomatic channels, but through a private agreement between the Standard interests and the British.

What would happen to the Russian fields was not, however, settled. Those who held pre-revolution properties or concessions naturally held out for recognition of these rights before dealing with Russia. Others thought they could do better by dickering with the Soviets. Sinclair, for instance, made a preliminary agreement for a sales monopoly on Grosny production, which did not eventuate in anything further, because of the oil scandals in the United States. Apparently the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* was consummated in the belief on the part of British oil interests that this would lead to favorable treatment for them. But then, after the two New York companies had for a year been buying and selling Russian oil at a profit, and neither they nor Russia had paid any attention to the Royal Dutch protests, the British broke with Russia. We do not mean to imply that this was the only reason. But it probably had great weight.

Mr. Teagle, of the Standard of New Jersey, is now on his way to London to attempt to conciliate his British *confrères*. If the two New York companies do not withdraw from their position, and the British cannot be conciliated, he will probably have to stand by the other Standard Oil interests, and the Anglo-American oil entente will be broken. Then there will be a trade war, and more danger to international relations.

It is an open secret that the plans of those in Russia who hope for world revolution depend on stirring up mutual hostility among the capitalist nations. It is an open secret that they look upon Anglo-American rivalry in oil as a golden opportunity to make trouble. Everyone knows they have been trying to play the oil companies against one another, for Russian advantage. We therefore submit that the lofty attitude of those who refuse to deal with Russia, on the pretext that she is supposed to be seeking world revolution, furnishes the revolutionaries with just the opportunity they are looking for. This attitude is not only insincere but tends toward just the result which it is supposed to fear. Not until the oil companies and others cease to advance righteous hostility to Russian depravity as a pawn in their commercial rivalry, using governments in their game, will Russians be deprived of the opportunity to play governments and hence nations against each other through the competitive greed of the great private concerns.

We frankly do not know whether it would strengthen communism or capitalism in Russia to let her have the capital she needs. Nor do we greatly care. Either way, the experiment would doubtless be enlightening to the rest of the world. And experience seems to prove that the success or failure of communist propaganda in other nations does not depend on so slender a reed as the presence or absence of diplomatic or trade relations with Russia. If the chief protection against communism in the United States is the fact that we have not recognized the Soviet government, we are in a bad way indeed. One might as well argue that we must break with Italy in order to keep from going Fascist. It is time to climb off the high horse and deal with realities. If all leading nations recognized Russia on the basis of a realistic settlement of the pre-revolutionary debts—which it is economically impossible for Russia to pay, anyway—the oil companies would be cast out of the official sanctuary and could carry on their struggle for Russian oil without unduly involving the rest of us. The Russian people could then be benefited by the development of their economic life arising from the activities of those holding concessions, and from any foreign capital they might be able to raise. This result is not to be despised, whatever the theories of the Russian regime, and whatever we think of them. It is probable, of course, that the governments concerned will not achieve such inde-

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pendence of the great oil interests, and that the old game will continue until someone scores a decisive victory. But, in that case, the best protection for the rest of us is not to take too seriously the high-and-mighty protestations of those interested primarily not in righteousness but in oil.

Repetition Is Reputation

HOW much useful information can be acquired from advertising? What chance is there that the consumer, responding to advertising stimulus, buying well known brands, or judging quality by price, will get the best? Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, in their book, "Your Money's Worth" (Macmillan), abbreviated chapters of which were published in the New Republic, contend that there is little. Many, including candid persons engaged in advertising and selling, agree with them. But others have tried to brush aside their examples as dealing with the less respectable fringe of products. Standard and well known articles, made by responsible firms, it is said, are exempt from the charge. Tests, it is said, may be incomplete or unfair. We have just discovered a piece of evidence, however, which is a striking corroboration of their thesis.

White enamel paint is almost universally used for kitchens and bathrooms, and is made by numerous reputable firms, which advertise widely. Each brand is urged as the best available. There is a considerable divergence in price. Mr. John C. Dinsmore, Purchasing Agent of the University of Chicago, began to wonder whether it was necessary to buy the highest priced in order to get the best, and whether the University was getting the best. He therefore interested the other members of the Educational Buyers' Association, under whose auspices a test was made.

A list of the twenty-five best known brands was compiled. The manufacturers were asked to cooperate in the test, and twenty-one of them agreed to do so. Samples of the twenty-five brands were purchased in the open market, and were transferred into numbered containers, so that those conducting the test would not know the brand name of any sample until the test was completed.

Two coats of each sample were applied to a space eighteen by thirty-six inches, over an identical undercoat, on a plastered wall, by an experienced painter. Each sample was repeated in another part of the room, to eliminate any possible chance variation. A new brush was used for each sample, all the brushes being from the same shipment. All this was done in the presence of the manufacturers' representatives. Then, for a period of slightly over two years, the samples were washed frequently.

At the end of the period, each manufacturer's representative was invited to choose the three best and three worst samples, judging by color and surface. There was substantial agreement among the ten representatives who passed judgment. One sample appeared eight times in the list of the best three, another seven times, and another six times. No other sample received more than two votes. For the worst three, one sample was chosen seven times, one five times and one four.

Representatives of three prominent firms of architects were then invited to pass judgment. Their choice of the best three agreed with the manufacturers', merely reversing the relative number of votes for first and second choices.

When the key to the sample numbers was produced, interesting discoveries were made. Only two of the ten manufacturers' representatives had picked their own products for the best three. One representative picked his enamel as one of the worst. In this he agreed with most of the others, since it received the largest number of votes for the inferior classification. To cap the joke, this enamel happens to be one of the most widely advertised, one of the highest priced, and one of the most reputable of all. The chances are good that the individual consumer, if his purchase is directed by advertising stimulus or high price, would buy it. The manufacturer, probably, never made any adequate tests and did not know the relative quality of his product. He simply made his advertising appropriation a substitute for definitely proved high quality—and got away with it. As an advertising agent has said, "Repetition is reputation."

Incidentally, if the consumer had let the painter make his choice, he would have done little better. The comments of the painter as he applied the coats were recorded. He said nothing at all about one of the best two. The other, he remarked once, was "very heavy," a second time, "works fine, more free." The third was once "very heavy" and again "worked well." But this latter distinction is shared with one of the worst. Others which he mentioned favorably appeared either not at all in the final judgment, or among those voted the worst. The worst of all he did not mention.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Detroit: Essence of America

SUPERFICIALLY, Detroit is a community settlement consisting of a phenomenon known as Henry Ford and 1,499,999 others.

Fundamentally, Detroit is a condition about which the modern philosopher writes (and sells) phrases. In so far as we understand this to be the age of colossal industry, or unparalleled regimentation of human effort; to the extent that we believe in the instalment system, and in the replacement of individual wilfulness by the supercilious impartiality of the electric button, Detroit is the sum of the United States. That is its fallible conceit. It is the age, prosperous, brittle, effective, hard—and the slave of its mechanistic Frankenstein's monster.

Detroit, in motor vehicle jargon, is an "assembled" town. Tens of thousands of men and women come annually to Detroit; they come to make money. When they have made it, many of them go to New York, Florida, California, to spend it. Detroit's people are restless, living for excitement; it is a flapper city, so to speak, whose deeper potentialities are not yet stirred. It is crude but vigorous, a potent soul in the making—if only souls could be machine-made!—often an *enfant terrible* among cities; a worshiper at the gaudy shrine of success.

The motor car industry has been built up of personalities machined by formula, with the aid of "public relations counsel," as quickly and efficiently as a shining cheap car. Detroit is the market of personality embodied in the God Production; its perceptions are those of an army of lesser Henry Fords.

Ford, of course! Even though Detroit had other fingers touching fame long before Ford tinkered with his first watch. Who speaks of the impressive chemical products industry, for example? But Ford, of course! He is a genius; not, as some suggest, a monstrosity. His attitude of mind logically results from a restricted early environment; it is elementary, with the fundamental simplicity of truth, so fundamental and so simple that it long ago ceased to be obvious. He does not mix benevolence with his business, the former being developed as a subsidiary of the latter; his good works figure on the working ledger; he is the man who has proved conclusively that the sentence on Adam was a curse, and, possessing more money than he knows what to do with, openly declares that money has only a limited significance.

Ford, and the lesser Fords, articulate human effort and reduce it to its meanest terms; they argue, correctly, that such reduction to uninspired monotony merits the compensation of leisure. Beyond doubt, by walking into this cave of conservatism backwards, Mr. Ford persuades himself, and perhaps others, that he is coming out.

This is history and Ford is a synonym; his significance is common to all tongues and peoples. He personally represents the eager minuteness of the simon-pure mechanic and the millennial form of man-master, that rocketing rise to fabulous wealth that has marked the automobile industry and the leaking enthusiasms born of good intentions which are the ineradicable birth-mark of men who come, unprepared, to vast power. Ford is Stinnes born on a Michigan farm and still in love with it, a plutocratic Don Quixote who, from his Rolls-Royce, directs a highly organized tilt against the windmills of social and industrial nonconformity.

He is Detroit's most imposing portent, for, like Napoleon, he sums up and demonstrates the potentiality of mankind; the social phase he has helped to create is at its largest, widest and most staggering activity in Detroit.

None the less, Mr. Ford is not Detroit; he is only the enlarged expression of its outward being. Within itself, Detroit is a strange, strange place, made up of dwindling elder men, like Ford, who knew every leisurely street corner when Detroit was, so to speak, a village, and of hundreds of thousands of newcomers from every quarter of the globe. There is very little homogeneity; it is a city of strangers, apart from those ageing groups, or except for the trade circles whose common interest and curiosity binds them together with tenuous threads.

Detroit lives fast and excitedly because it is young. This youthfulness is Detroit's secret of being. Youth sits at the desk of command, from the Ford Motor Company down. The executive chairs are, almost without exception, occupied by men whose glowing youthfulness is a significant lesson to the old school of leaders pictured in the stories of success. Detroit demands youth, rewards and devours it, machining it deftly into its favorite term of dynamic energy. Detroit the Dynamic is merely a city where driving youth is at the throttle of a million-and-a-half-manpower chariot; this Brobdingnagian vehicle thunders noisily over highways and along Wall Street, through labor conferences and across the campus where grave scholars note its passing and analyze its phenomena into incomprehensible formulæ. A century hence it will be a textbook; today it is a pay-roll. The Ford tempo dominates the community: each man for himself, Adam's curse in the form of routine mechanical labor, and the black fear of unemployment which haunts, day and night, the peace of industrial communities. To be out of work is inefficient, to be inefficient is to thwart life; a machine is fool-proof, and when it is no longer efficient it is, or should be, discarded. A stern gospel, but one that rules the

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lives of several hundreds of thousands of families.

In this city, a surprising number of the leaders and workers came from the farm; hence the community still holds the naïveté of a boy able to chuckle and blush at his own promotion. In the rare moments of relaxed introspection, industry is merely a roster of given names and their boyish colloquial corruptions. It is a metropolis that has never grown up, wholly lacking in the noisy sophistication of Chicago, the brittle shellac of New York, or the dull poise of Philadelphia and Boston. Youth-like, a little impudent and very likable.

Youth, ruling the city, supplies its amazing energy, and its corroding carelessness, too. It is a difficult city to enlist in the sedentary arts or even in the speculative pleasure of civic endeavor. Its prosperity is machined, hard-driven, coldly calculated and intensively organized; there has not been much time for the reposeful contemplation of esthetics, with mass production screaming for instant markets, and "sales resistance" lurking darkly in a dastard trench over the hill.

It is a city of such vast accumulations. More production means more customers, which means more workers to ensure more production for more customers, who will constantly increase consumption because the larger the production-scale the smaller the profit-margin and the cheaper the price, hence the wider the market, and so the larger production, the smaller the profit and the wider the market, *ad infinitum*. The one-car family is already falling under suspicion of sales resistance; an effort is being made to impale such families on statistics offering unfavorable comparison with well behaved two-car families. The industrial philosopher of the future will determine a mean of two cars as the basic family's needs; less than that will be a case for investigation on the grounds of inefficiency; possibly asphyxiation will follow on conviction of blocking sales.

Art, *per se*, seems always to be fighting a rear-guard action in Detroit, because of the sensitive employment pulse, so delicately responsive to industrial conditions. Yet, buried away in the numerous settlements of foreign origin, are all manner of cultural aspirations, perversely clannish and isolated, and most difficult to fuse into something dazzling and original and Detroit-like in art, music or letters. Theoretically, something surprising should come of this racial blend. But the chosen goal of Detroit is rapid prosperity, a creed the past has richly justified. In wartime, it is doubtful whether even Hog Island had more silk shirts to the square family than Detroit.

Detroit never has put much stock in a society of manners, for the peculiar distribution and catholic origin of the population permits birth and breeding to be discovered in almost any neighborhood. Detroit's society is distinctly founded in material achievement, inclined to glitter in and out of season, expressing its troubled quest for unattainable beauty in colossal structural efforts.

It is scarcely fair to conclude from this that the phrase "Detroit millionaire" has the same connotation formerly read into "Pittsburgh millionaire." The old-time money-master was conceived as a parochial figure; hence the burlesques founded on the adventures afield which follow emancipation from factory or mill. Detroit's men of money, or of ambition, have eaten up the circumference of the earth long before the day of retirement. At any given time, they are to be found in greater proportion on limited trains, in alien hotel suites and on racing liners than in Detroit itself. That is part of the city's character; its pursuit is mobility; it lives in transit; its pilgrimage to office or factory and return is a nervous race of densely moving vehicles, many of them operated by drivers as dense; and it likes nothing better than to escape from its own streets and feverishly press down on the egotistical gas-throttle along the so-called open roads.

In fact, transportation is the one civic problem that ever seems to stir it. Few things have so touched the community as the successful exploit of one of its wealthier citizens in circumnavigating the globe in shorter time than anyone else. That was something comprehensible to all Detroit. Apart from transportation, Detroit in politics is casual to the point of flippancy. Its enthusiasms have to be rapidly stirred and are short-lived. Its great industries seize the able men and pay them in princely fashion; government is left, with rare exceptions, to the little type of politician more familiar in great American communities a score of years ago.

This is the throbbing background inseparable from such a gold rush as industry has spelled for this community. There is, of course, another side to the story; it comes properly here, just as it in actuality succeeds or begins to replace these phases born of cold energy and machined fortunes.

There is a constant effort, sometimes pathetic—but unconquerable—to stimulate and develop those forms of art which the American community has come to accept as the hall-mark of worthy values. Loyalty expressed in terms of the Symphony Society, a purely voluntary organization financing a first-class orchestra; in the Institute of Arts, a spoon-fed enterprise of oddly chaotic impulses; in such cheerful organizations as the Players, adds increasingly more to the community, even though for years all of these proper adventures have meant more of grim and sacrificial defense of principle than any large popular enthusiasm for the higher art forms. The tide of sentiment is influenced sluggishly by the austere moon of culture, whose beams may be of comfort to the sentimentally stimulated, but are barely noticed by the tired mechanic and the industrial and business leader devoted to an intensive study of that irritating phenomenon already referred to, "sales resistance."

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In its sports, it is more frank and at ease. It has a gay and unarguable conviction that Ty Cobb, for example, because he is a good ball-player, is, therefore, a typical sportsman, and in rhapsodic support of that delusion is prepared to march and counter-march, scale escarpments, devour pavilion condiments, and, in other noisy and unanimous ways, place itself among the *cognoscenti* of sportdom. Football at Ann Arbor has taught it something, but in the latest analysis, the gate receipts command almost as deep respect as the Wolverine scores. Golf teaches the community even more, and already it is estimated that, on a stormy Sunday morning, 20,000 men look out of Detroit windows at 6 A. M. and say, "Oh, Damn!" The 30,000 others go anyway. In proportion as the community learns to play something—anything—instead of watching paid performers—whether payment is in salary or publicity—do their stuff, so will Detroit engage in its own behalf a vigorous, free-flowing manhood and womanhood whose sense of play and fair play will replace the imitation sportsmanship of political cheap-skates and other shallow loafers.

Detroit has three municipal golf courses—one a gift to the city—and a fourth in the making. All the existing courses pay a profit on operation. Club courses, public and semi-public, dot the landscape around Detroit, and this phase of recreation conspires with the subdivider's passionate stake-driving to translate a farming countryside into more or less idle land. Less than ten years ago, Detroit was so surrounded, by farm lands traversed by thin, sometimes anemic, roads. Today Suburbia stretches easily for a score of miles around the city from water's edge to water's edge, and he who wishes to find a quiet spot for courtship must travel a weary way for a rural road.

The "filling-in" of these suburban districts has been surprisingly rapid and consistent. One unfortunate development has been the so-called working-man's home; unfortunate not because it is for the working-man, but because it is represented by a shoddy, regimented type, often without suitable foundations, and these barrack-like colonies begin to encircle the community proper. Detroit's natural hill regions form a proper investment for the estate and residential bourgeois, who prefers a winding walk, however small the lot, and would sooner drive twenty miles to his work six days a week than the same distance to his play on Sunday.

Being a border city, its problems of smuggling, human and otherwise, are many. It is a very short distance across the river, and the desire of thwarted immigrants to reach the land of their hopes sometimes outruns their discretion so far as their pocketbook permits. Liquor-running is, of course, chronic. The recent investigation by the Canadian Commission tended to show that Detroit received from Canada for distribution, last year, liquor to the value of $20,000,000. No one in Detroit, outside a few unsophisticated fanatics, is astonished, however much he may be shocked, at the figures. It might have been $40,000,000; but there are only twenty-four hours to a day. Without suggesting that the customs officials are crooked—and the service contains a majority of fine men—this condition is worth reflecting on: A customs inspector draws, let us say, $1,300 a year. It is not much. A rum-runner approaches this $1,300-a-year inspector and murmurs to him that he, the rum-runner, will be bringing a car over on such-and-such a ferry, with so many cases aboard. There is $5 a case for the inspector; all he need do is to turn his head the other way.

Now, how does that temptation strike the average citizen working on a $1,300 salary? Taking into consideration his knowledge also of chaotic public sentiment? Detroit suffers severely, not from a disrupted customs service—a surprising testimony to the integrity of the department—but from a general demoralization of authority, police and otherwise, due to the vast size of the traffic and the large money involved. The reader can translate that statement into his own speculations.

Detroit, the youthful and hard-driving, keeps to its path in spite of these things, and outside the inevitable circles of presumable graft, of gambling layouts and the like, the community is almost farm-like in its standards of conduct. Detroit knows how to make the grand gesture. In such mood it purchased Belle Isle; in such mood it seized its streets by purchasing the street railway system; in such mood it plans and builds super-highways, and projects subways. The super-highways are its own solution of the traffic problem it has created: highways 204 feet wide, with provision for forty-mile traffic and no crossing-interruption. Even at the moment, it is gathering its enthusiasm to create a civic center as part of the tardy reclamation of its water-front—it was the river that caused Cadillac to found the city—and, with the opening of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway, the city believes that this great natural artery will become one of the world's busiest highways.

In such things, as in its politics, Detroit is sometimes casual. It has a pathetic faith in the names of the men who have contributed to the city's leading industry; it is immensely gratified by the existence of commissions, even though, when recommendations come up for voting, the population as likely as not is away on a picnic. But Detroit has great projects; its heart is in the right place, and its faith in the goodness of God, and the likelihood of His continuing to lead the city favorably, is invincible.

Optimism is justified. Instinct, if nothing else, has given the community substantial foundations. Its pioneer educational work has contributed much of value to the nation, and its own coördinated school system is one of the finest in the world. It

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thinks long, hesitates, postpones; but what it does, and when it does it, is mighty well done. It looks around and contemplates the debris inseparable from swift and necessary building, and notes that some among the citizens are raising superb structures, newly American in architectural form and fit to grace a city of ultimate beauty. It reflects, does the city, that in a moment of absent-mindedness it built a new public library, and discovers, on inspection, that the work is nobly conceived and fulfilled; it finds great temples and fine homes, spacious parks and beckoning boulevards; it finds its own energy pushing ever to the rim of the hills, and the gay radiance of the Michigan countryside becomes precious enough to incorporate and preserve in the new home-growing districts.

All of the varieties of social consciousness represented in the art forms, and identified with such activities as women's clubs, are, obviously, of slow growth; in other words, they are in deadly contrast to the Detroit method. No one can spend a decade here without being infected with a certain sense of infallibility; Detroit must become one of the most remarkable cities the world has ever seen; it must go on, for it cannot stand still, and it dare not go back. After the automobile, the aeroplane; after the earth, the heavens; and elsewhither, if necessary, and markets offer. What has to happen is the harnessing of these two motives into one team; in time the industrial race must move to a slower tempo, and, when it does, the more leisurely mediums of social permanence may quicken to greet the change. It is important that this should happen.

Observe that Detroit's history is not without significance. Three flags have flown over Detroit; a fourth has coveted it. The remnants of two civilizations, French and English, have joined to American habits to compose a strain of continuity with old-world stock. The strain still lingers. There is a staunch old Detroit, small but robust, which is by no means lost. But think of the army that has joined itself to this little band, and threatens, without intention, to overwhelm it. Together, the old and the new are bringing forth something new, an industrial civilization which is to be self-perpetuating; it is to compose a manner of living and serving and enjoying under new methods only dimly discerned or suspected. There is that air of expectancy about Detroit. The automobile industry, in the light of the city's vision, seems only like a hearty prelude to a drama for which a million and more individuals are learning to work and share.

Gradually something clear begins to emerge, a stirring toward unanimity, a shadow of great events, of monuments expressing the time, the work and the men, of the imperishables by which the future judges its past and measures the inheritance.

Youth, rich, busy, successful, is beginning to think of these things, standing in the window of the towering office buildings and watching the majestic waters of the Detroit River carrying history to the sea.

CYRIL ARTHUR PLAYER.

(This is the third of a series of articles in which various writers will describe interesting American cities. The fourth will appear in the near future.)

The Coming Crisis in Reparations

MR. PARKER GILBERT, the Agent General for Reparation Payments, has presented us with his interim observations on the state of Germany without waiting for a year to elapse since his last report. It is evident why he wishes to put the facts on record quickly. In spite of the moderation of his language and of his conclusions, Mr. Gilbert's report, dated June 10, 1927, is a warning to Germany and to the world—a warning which deserves closer attention than it has received from the daily press.

At the end of May, 1927, the third quarter of the third annuity year was completed. The first annuity (1924-25), met mainly from the Dawes loan, was $250,000,000; the second (1925-26) was $305,000,000; the third (1926-27,) now in course of discharge, is $375,000,000; and the fourth (1927-28) will be $437,500,000; and the fifth (1928-29) $625,000,000. The annuity is not, however, evenly distributed through the year, with the result that, in the three quarters of the third annuity year just elapsed, only three-fifths of the annuity has been paid. Thus Germany has not contributed so far at a rate exceeding $305,000,000 a year. The big jump now comes. In the year beginning June, 1927, Germany is due for nearly $500,000,000, soon rising to $625,000,000. We are, therefore, just entering on the critical period.

But this is not all. Hitherto the burden on the German budget has been trifling; from now on it increases rapidly. In 1924-25 the German budget contributed nil; in 1925-6, $62,500,000; and in the first nine months of 1926-7, $60,825,000. From June, 1927, onwards, the budgetary contribution will be at the rate of about $125,000,000 per annum, rapidly rising to $312,500,000.

It has therefore become urgent to consider what progress has been made toward supporting these greatly increased burdens, first on the budget and secondly on the balance of international payments. These two matters are the subjects of Mr. Gilbert's warnings.

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As regards the budget, the outlook is certainly serious. The position has been getting worse instead of better. In 1924-25 there was a handsome surplus and in 1925-26 a small deficit. But in 1926-27 there is an excess of expenditure over revenue provisionally calculated at $212,500,000, and for 1927-28 an estimated deficit of the same amount; and, after deducting items of a capital nature against which it is reasonable to borrow, there is still a deficit. Something drastic will have to be done if the expenditure of 1928-29 is to be covered.

This state of affairs is not due to the yield of the taxes falling below the expectations of the Dawes Committee, whose estimates have been fully borne out. It is due to the growth of expenditure and to the failure to reorganize the financial relations of the Reich to the states and communes. The states and communes, regardless of their real financial necessities, are entitled to draw from the Reich 75 percent of the income tax and corporation tax, 30 percent of the turnover tax, 96 percent of the tax on real-estate transactions, the automobile tax and the betting tax, and 50 percent of a portion of the tax on companies. The immediate and automatic disappearance out of the coffers of the Reich of so large a proportion of so many of the most productive sources of revenue, actual and potential, must aggravate the difficulties of the Reich in devising sound fiscal measures which will turn its deficit into a surplus.

Nevertheless, in Mr. Gilbert's opinion—and I have no doubt that he is right—the problem is certainly soluble, and "should yield readily enough to a steady application of sound principles of budget-making." "The problem of checking the rising tide of government expenditures has become acute," but the estimates still "provide a substantial margin of safety." It is desirable that German political parties should heed in time Mr. Gilbert's categorical warning.

When we turn to the transfer problem, the figures look—as many of us expected that they would—much more intractable. Up to date, the German trade balance has contributed nothing to the payment of reparations, long-term foreign credits having substantially exceeded the transfer committee's external remittances whether by deliveries in kind or otherwise. Germany has only paid the world what the world has been ready to lend her. Indeed, she has arranged to borrow considerably more than she has paid, if all kinds of borrowing are included.

The trade figures, after correcting errors of valuation, and including deliveries in kind, have been as follows:

Year ending Oct. 31, 1925,	Excess of Imports	$805,000,000
Year ending Oct. 31, 1926,	Excess of Exports	315,000,000
Six months ending April 30, 1927,	Excess of Imports	305,000,000
Total for 2½ years	Net Excess of Imports	$795,000,000

There has never been an export surplus, except during the trade slump in the early part of 1926, which resulted in a heavy falling off in the imports of raw materials.

Now the invisible items, other than reparations, can scarcely be favorable to Germany—allowing for the growth of private debt to foreigners—to any material extent, and may be unfavorable. If, therefore, Germany is to pay the reparation annuity of 1928-29 otherwise than by borrowing it from abroad, she must convert an import surplus which has averaged $300,000,000 per annum into an export surplus of $500,000,000 to $600,000,000. What proportion does this bear to Germany's present trade? The figures, which are as follows, are not encouraging:

GERMAN EXPORTS

(In Millions of Dollars)

Year ending Oct. 31	*Food*	*Raw Materials and Semi-Manufactured*	*Finished Goods*	*Total*
1913	267.5	570	1687.5	2525
1924-25	130	410	1656.25	2196.25
1925-26	120	582.5	1740	2442.5
1926-27*	117.5	600	1720	2437.5

*(on basis of first six months' results doubled)

Thus, apart from foodstuffs and beverages, German exports are somewhat above the pre-war level in value, but presumably somewhat below it in volume—perhaps by 10 percent, allowing for loss of territory. For the past three years, the figures have been very steady, with a slight upward trend. If we subdivide the exports into groups, the same conclusions hold, except that there has been a large falling off in the value of coal exports since the conclusion of the British coal strike.

It follows that in order to cover the 1928-29 annuity in full without recourse to foreign loans, German exports must now take a great leap forward and increase by some 36 percent, or, allowing for the import of raw materials embodied in the exports, between 40 and 50 percent. Some further improvement we may reasonably anticipate. But is so great a transformation feasible in two or three years? Considering that more than a third of Germany's exports consist of coal, iron and steel, and textiles—and, if we add in chemicals and machinery, considerably more than half—would any of her industrial competitors welcome it? Remember, too, that this great expansion will only occur if Germany's chief industrial competitors put overwhelming pressure on her to knock them out of their own existing markets. Does anyone—does M. Poincaré—think this probable?

There is, indeed, nothing new in all this. Nothing new—except that time passes and that dates which were distant creep nearer. The Dawes Plan will break down according to schedule. The question is—what will be the price of its modification?

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How considerable a crisis will have to be provoked in Germany's affairs before the facts are admitted? It is this question which from now on should be the preoccupation of the diplomatists.

This brings us back to the problem of the budget and to Mr. Gilbert's warning. It is probable that the authors of the Dawes Plan did not expect their scheme to work. The objectives to which they were moving were, first, to gain time, but, above all, so to arrange that, when the breakdown came, it would come as something inevitable and involuntary. Their object was to segregate that part of the problem which it would lie within Germany's power to fulfill, given good will, from that part which was really beyond her capacity; in other words, to separate as clearly as possible the budget problem from the transfer problem. Here lies the significance of Mr. Gilbert's words. The present financial policy of the German government runs the risk of reintroducing just that confusion which it was the object of the Dawes Committee to eliminate. If, when the transfer problem comes to a head, Germany is regularly meeting her annuities out of revenue and without recourse to borrowing of any kind, then it should be possible to discuss necessary modifications in a cool spirit; for the German Treasury would have fulfilled its side of the bargain. But if her budgetary policy is open to criticism, if her expenditure is higher than it should be, and if she is not meeting the annuity out of revenue, then there is a danger that the question of Germany's "good will" may creep back into the diplomatic arena—and give M. Poincaré his opportunity. I hope that Germany will give the Dawes idea a chance by putting her budget in order as soon as she can.

J. M. Keynes.

London.

Sherwood Anderson:

Sick of Words

A FEW years ago, when Sherwood Anderson was writing his short stories about life in Ohio towns and along the mud-flats of the Mississippi, his words appeared like shoots of new grass in a field of stubble. America was stale with novels which pictured men and women as everything except human beings. Anderson had then the genuine simplicity of the poet. He was sensitive to the taste and feel of life and he trembled at every sign he found of it, especially the shyest. In himself he discovered many timid, unexpected impulses to which the world as he knew it gave no play. The people about him were busy stifling all desires which did not promise immediate profit. There were definite masks they wore of professional dignity or business seriousness or the pretense of being adult and reasonable beings. For a time Anderson thought that he must learn to follow their example and he tried to put on the mask of the successful manufacturer. But he soon found that he was expected not to breathe while he was wearing it; the mask was rigid, and behind it quivered yearnings he himself only vaguely recognized. He began the writing of them down, he has told us, to keep himself from going insane. He wrote on his knee in shaky railroad coaches while traveling on business. Or when he was stranded overnight in a small town, he wrote under a dingy lamp in a hotel bedroom. Other things besides the feelings he had actually experienced came out on the paper. In "Marching Men," and "Mid American Chants," there was a dream of men freeing themselves at a stroke from their shams. "It is the time of the opening of doors," he wrote in "Mid American Chants." And when men had thrown open the doors of their narrow houses, they would find beauty and stride majestically across the prairie to . . . well, to where? But little by little this effervescence died down. He began to find the real words which fitted the life he had known and was trying to tell about. This sincerity produced a series of minor but living characters in "Winesburg, Ohio," and gave reality to "The Triumph of the Egg." However wistful and frail his people were, they were individuals. In those days Anderson was writing from love, and the need to express certain outcast aspects of life.

By listening to his own impulses he had realized that under their masks men and women are children in their emotions. And he had found in his own life that trying to act as if this were not true had suffocated him. So he set out to bring tenderly to light those little, irresponsible, half-realized desires which hovered in him. His range was narrow. Intellectually he was guided by one idea: that what is natural is sweet and that it is only pretense which sours life. The world is soiling its emotions by being ashamed of them, he thought. I will keep mine pure by honoring them. Emotionally, also, his scope was limited. He shrank from all direct and effective passion. He felt at home only among the unfocussed yearnings which had not yet grown clear enough to thrust out into action. In a word, he was in the dawning mood of adolescence, the mood in which one tremblingly caresses a fancy and at the same time dreads its consummation. This was the aspect of

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life which he embodied in his stories, and, if we recall to mind his tales and novels, we will realize that Anderson's people have always dreaded the consummation of any emotion. They have carried the mood of adolescence over into physical maturity. The result is not tragic, but a pathetic, because uncomprehended, sadness. Anderson's characters have always been pathetic in this way. They pass their lives dreaming timidly of an emotion, paralyzed by their failure to bring it to a head and indulging in fancy as a substitute.

As we are all emotionally still more than half-adolescent, Anderson's world was recognized at once. Those who were anxious at all costs to keep up the appearance of being reasonable and dignified men and women, concerned about civilization, resented his books. They felt personally humiliated by this man's revelation of himself. One of the most striking earmarks of his style was his fondness for the word "creep." Inside the shells of strong bodies he saw bewildered spirits creeping like rabbits behind the nearest cabbage leaves. It was certainly not a picture to inflate human dignity. On the other hand, readers who had felt stifled, as Anderson had, were grateful to him for setting down this groping part of their natures. Here was a man who did not pretend that we led strong, clear-cut lives either for good or bad. Nor did he pretend to know all about it. He was feeling his way and he had found that he himself was eager, changeable, shrinking and solitary. With this key he watched the people about him for hints of the same plight. He found them in eyes which betrayed a shy loneliness, in worn and twisted fingers, in unexpected harshnesses of voice. He was writing the stories of unused lives. His characters who trembled without knowing why; who crept up dark stairways and down alleys with restless expectancy; who danced naked before mirrors in fevered efforts to spend their bottled-up feelings; who tried to find satisfaction by peeping into the windows of other people's houses—all of this was in us. In his naïve pushing aside of dignity we found a truth we had needed. The words he used to express it were fresh words which had grown out of his own experience. He was minor and genuine.

But adolescence does not last. An emotion, whether in life or in the imagination, must mature, which means that it is concentrated on something definite; or else it grows more and more remote from its object and thins down into fancy. Fancy in its turn degenerates into sentimentality. In his growth as an artist, Anderson had reached this critical point. And there he stuck. Like his characters, he still shrank from exchanging his pleasant state of anticipation for the responsibility of an act. In his books, he began to spend more and more time crooning about the joy and the pain of telling stories instead of actually telling them. We frequently come upon him now rocking himself on the front porch in a soft mental twilight and dreaming of himself as the mother of all living beings. He tells us that he will creep into the lives of old women, of cripples, of young maidens, of Cæsar in his tent—but it is noticeable that he says almost nothing about the old woman or Cæsar, except to mention their names. He is thinking less and less about the lives into which he will creep and more and more about the pretty picture he will make as the creeper. The love of men with which he started out is settling into a sentimentality about mankind. This is the source of his increasing vagueness, which has already become his cult. He has persuaded himself that the concentration he dreads is the same thing as the neatness of shallow minds. "It is very foolish to try to be definite," he writes. "Nothing is to be achieved by being smart and definite, and to be vague—they keep telling me—is to be insane, a little unbalanced." He is clearly letting us know that he considers vagueness in his own mind a sign of profundity. But a man whose life is spent in trying to find expression for his thoughts might be expected to know that to be vague is to be still unrealized. There is no creation, in the mind or the emotions or the body, without definiteness. God has set the example in this matter with the forms of even his lightest whims. There is nothing vague about a butterfly.

In the meantime Anderson has been exposed to another temptation. At the beginning of his career as a writer he had used words to express what he had felt. They existed and had value only as they served him. But presently he discovered the thrill there was in the mere using of them. He began to love them for their own sake. He caressed them and patted them and wrote them down to hear how they sounded. His discovery that they had their own body and their own ring produced at first good results. Each word was a tool and he respected its qualities. But as he fell under the enchantment of the words themselves, the thrill they gave became as important as the purpose for which he used them. It was easy for words to become the most solid reality in a world of fancy. In a little while he found himself taken up by the esthetes, of whom he stood in awe, and in dimly lighted studios there was much talk of words. Gertrude Stein gave him the pleasant suggestion that they might be used like paints, without regard to intellectual content. He was translated into French, and critical articles about him appeared in Paris and Stockholm. He was given the Dial award with the responsibility of living up to it. And all this was the work of his darling words. They became dearer to him than ever. He began to refer to himself in books and articles with the mock humility of a young lover, as "a word fellow." He pictured words marching across his page and himself as their obedient servant. At last he had become a professional writer.

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He himself has described this seduction in one of the stories in "Horses and Men." A clerk in Chicago, who spent his days making double-entries, lived in fancy as a famous painter. He had never painted, but he had read all the books on the subject he could find, and he liked the sound of the words. When he was thirty, it occurred to him to visit his rich aunt, who might die and leave him some money, but when he arrived in her town she had gone away for the summer. So he went to a hotel and wrote a letter telling her how sorry he was to have missed her. No doubt he really was disappointed, but, as he wrote, he became enraptured with the beautiful words he found in his head. His disappointment became an aching grief, his aunt the one refuge from a lonely life, and for an hour his eloquence lifted him on its own wings. It had every virtue except that of embodying real sentiments. In describing the incident he explained, "I had got the fever for writing words, you see." Sherwood Anderson has also got the fever for writing words, and it is wasting the blood out of him as an artist. At the same time it is destroying the words he loves. For words have their own conditions of health. So long as they are used by a master who respects them, but takes them for his own purposes, they will be living messengers from one spirit to another. When he succumbs to their personal charms, they forget his orders and begin to strut and posture.

This posturing of pretty words, filled with vague emotion, is the double disease which has been consuming Anderson. And he has recently given us a chart of the course it has followed. His latest book ("A New Testament," Boni and Liveright) is not his newest. It is a collection of prose poems, some of which had previously appeared in magazines or volumes of his stories. In a sense, these poems are an index of his career, for they are the ones he now culls out and offers as the essence of his faith, his Testament. For those who welcomed his first clear tender stories, it is a melancholy commentary. The faith which was once a principle of action in him—that all lives may be shared by understanding—has been corrupted into an excuse for eloquence. And, in his sick state, Anderson prizes the eloquence above the principle. He has reached the place where he is content to put unreal emotion into unreal words. And as the words have grown more sumptuous, his spirit has grown more callous. He now saves sentimentality which might better have gone into the wastebasket. Out of the abundant evidence he has given of this, it will not be necessary to pile up cases. Here, for example, is what he treasures in his Testament:

> I shall breathe perfume into your words.
> I shall make a new word of your word.
> My throat is a hot womb in which the
> seeds of words have been sown.
>
> Give me your word.
> Give me your God.
> Give me the Lord God.
> Give me Saul and David.
> Give me Bildad and Shuhite.
> Give me the word.
>
> * * *
>
> My throat hungers for words.
> My throat is the womb of song.
> My lips shall lap the red wounds of song.
>
> Give me the word.
> Give me the word.
> I am the singer.
> Give me the word.

The author of "Winesburg, Ohio," is dying before our eyes.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Importunity

Flowers fade if you pick them from the roots,
But on their roots as well surely they fade.
Shall I not clasp them then to my lips, unafraid
Of their fading, these blossoms more fragrant than the fruits
Would have been? Let me caress a wind-blown petal
Even while it withers from my finger-tips,
Let me not try to taste upon my lips
A cold and bitter permanence of metal . . .

Yield to me, beautiful one, yield me your youth,
Uncurl me perfume from your budding hair,
Let my two arms enclose you like the sky,
Let the gust of my body loose you from the untruth
Of a rooted branch, from your fixity in air,
Let me be the sudden wind, whereof you die.

WITTER BYNNER.

How Should We Fear

(For Léonie Adams)

How should we fear that tongues of fire could tear,
Into dry ashes and gray feathered smokes
Your breath's green shaft, and those close-folded cloaks
Of buds that are its words? How should we fear,
We in whose hearts their season laid its sweet?
How should the feathers of the swallows arm
Fear for the air that holds them up from harm?
Or warm blood tremble for the heart's next beat?
No need to fear, nor is it fear we feel,
And our consideration shall be air,
Earth, water to your blossom, and stand near
For bloom, for fall, for sustenance, to seal
Ourselves upon the changes of your mind
Various in touch as water, earth, or wind.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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Ain't Editors Funny?

ALICE and I are agreed that Frank is a pest.

In the first place, he has an exaggerated sense of humor, and he is always bothering us with some silly story, so absurdly fictional as to arouse our ire as well as our risibilities.

For instance, there was his story about Moses.

For myself, I didn't want to be bothered listening to Frank's rambling nonsense. I was busy putting together a sunk-land thriller, against last month's grocery bill, and Alice was busy cutting out another poem over the same old spring pattern; although I have a sneaking feeling that she likes the rascal for his sporty way of looking at life. For women, I have observed, like a sport if they are not married to him. But anyway, he unloaded the story on us with such adroit finish that we were well in the middle of it before we knew it was coming.

As usual, there was no working while Frank was around, so I hid my soft lead pencil where I thought it would be safe, and prepared to talk shop with him.

We proceeded from this to that, giving each other a generous cross-section of the ways and means of editors, bits of our own early experiences in the newspaper game, the high flush with which we entered, and the pale and bedraggled way we crept out the back door when it was all over. But Frank refused to take the matter seriously, and laughed, more or less, at what I considered my righteous indignation.

Frank held that the warfare between writers and editors had persisted since the earliest times. In fact, he made such a good presentation of his points that we were fairly launched upon the troubles of Moses, before we realized what was coming.

Frank is a newspaper man who takes his editors as he finds them, and is satisfied to let the world wag along until pay night. So, in his exaggerated, but altogether whimsical, style, he proceeded to sketch the prophet Moses, doing his autobiography for the guidance of young Israelitish writers.

Frank said that Moses, like all biographers, freely acknowledged his shortcomings as a writer capable of doing justice to the theme in hand, and at the same time he gave Mrs. Moses full credit for her encouragement and support, particularly the support, without which he could never have succeeded.

"Great men can always point to some good woman," said Alice, self-importantly, looking across the room at me.

Frank didn't notice the interruption, but continued to detail some town gossip about Moses.

He said that Moses knew that he had written a good book, but after its completion, he lacked the ability to sell himself to others, and consequently, the editors of the Jewish, Egyptian and Chaldean press would have nothing to do with his work. In fact, they intimated strongly that he had better quit hanging around, and go out and get himself a reputation for doing something, such as flying across the Dead Sea . . . or . . .

"Believe it or not," said Frank, interrupting himself, "but Moses sent his script to 1,202 editors before he found one who would give him any sort of a contract on it.

"The first editor to whom Moses submitted his script was an elderly conservative Jewish publisher, a cautious guy who knew his onions. He stroked his whiskers with one hand and turned the pages of the manuscript with the other, the while shaking his head.

" 'Nix,' he said to Mose, 'we can't handle this. We find, after a careful study of it, that it won't do. You see, we lack a real enough enthusiasm for it to make you an offer. But we are mighty glad to have had the opportunity of reviewing your work.'

"Moses was disappointed, of course, but he didn't give up. So he approached Editor No. 2, who promptly agreed that the historian had written an amusing yarn.

" 'But,' he hedged, 'I don't see how we can use it at this time, Old Scout. You see, the expense of putting out a juvenile is heavy, especially where it is to be adequately illustrated. But we're mighty glad . . .' "

According to Frank, Editor No. 3 was very gracious as he handed back the soiled manuscript.

" 'We like this story, fine. And indeed, it does not impress us as anything but first-class. Only, the facts are these: We are covered up with work at this time and must clear the decks, somewhat, before we can accept anything that does not impress us as being an exceptional opportunity.' "

I had begun to wonder if Frank was going to detail a lot of similar stuff about the 1,199 remaining editors, when he began on what Editor No. 4 had said.

This editor, it seems, was also a kindly person, but still he saw no reason for encouraging Moses to go on wasting his time and good white paper.

" 'My dear Moses,' he advised, 'there really isn't much to this story you have written. I seem to have read it somewhere, before. It conflicts and lacks unity, or so it seems to me. And I doubt whether a book of this nature could be brought out profitably at this time, with another Jewish war impending, and all. You'd better take it back and fix it up a bit. In six months, say, let us see it again. Anything can happen, these days.' "

By this time, Frank was greatly interested in the story he was concocting, but I was getting rather tired of it, myself. And also, I could see that Alice was not as appreciative of his levity as she had been. But he was a persistent fellow, and he promptly launched into a lot of stuff about Editor No. 5.

" 'Say, Mose, Old Scout,' breezed this editor. 'This is a great little book you have written. Now, if you had handled parts of it with a little more pep . . . I'll say it would have been the asp's aspirin. I'll tell you what! You take it back and break it up into a serial, with a bang-up come-along at the end of each instalment. That'll make it go big with the magic-lantern people. You see, in its present form, it's too quiet to suit the up-to-date taste of our readers. The young people wouldn't stand for it. And besides, it's sexy. That's on the q. t., of course. When you finish with these realignments and rearrangements, shoot it back to me.' "

I think that Frank, being a born romancer, must have observed at this point that we were getting tired, for he skipped ten years and nearly three hundred editors, and detailed what Editor No. 299 had said.

" 'This is interesting stuff, all right, but a little out-of-

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date. And besides, this is your first book and you have no following, as yet. You see, our readers don't like to trust themselves to new writers.' "

Frank then skipped forty years more and gave us a sample of what Editor No. 865 told Moses, the father of his country, and the first of the Jewish literati:

" 'Now, if we had only seen this last year . . . but we can't handle it now, unless you would consider bearing a part of the expense, say, forty kopeks per volume, or roughly, four hundred kronins for the first thousand copies . . . and we could keep the plates and help create a market.' "

I suspected that Frank was probably mixing his money values, and I was about to call his attention to it, when he recaught my interest by relating what Editor No. 2 had written to Moses, when, at the end of sixty years, the patriarchal historian had found a publisher.

" 'We are very sorry, indeed, that you didn't give us a chance at your book, "How It All Happened," which has just been issued from the Pharaoh's Press, Inc. We want you to know that we feel that this is great stuff, and if you take our advice, you will never let it get into the cheap reprints. It ought to go well in the larger cities and at the universities.

" 'Now, my dear Mr. Moses, in the event that you have any little thing on hand at this time, won't you send it along? We'll give it a friendly reading and a prompt report. Our new contract, the blue one, is the most liberal in all our seventy-five years of book publishing. Let us hear from you at any time, as we want very much to keep in touch with you and your work. If you have a book of poems, or a juvenile, on hand, send them along, also. I'm sure we could handle them to your entire satisfaction. You may not realize it, but there's a dearth of really good poetry available for publication at this time. My very best to you and the Missus.' "

We all laughed at this conceit, and I told Frank that I intended to write him up, some day, and he said, "Go to it!"

Alice, at once, disapproved the idea.

"But, dear," she inflected, "no editor would use a thing like that. Don't you see, Frank is poking fun at them."

But Frank was one to take his editors as he found them.

"Sure they'll print it," he boasted, confidently. "Editors know they are funny. That's what will save America."

We looked at him, and he laughed, and added:

"If she ever is saved."

H. J. Krier.

Artists as Human Beings

A NEW kind of softness has begun to appear in the realm of American art and letters. Or, perhaps the softness extends throughout civilization; in that case, creative workers might be expected to reveal the first symptoms, since they constitute the sensitive tissue surrounding cultures. If our young realists turn wistful and romantic overnight, they are undoubtedly responding to something more or less generalized in the social *milieu*.

We cannot plead lack of warning: since Nietzsche's blast, a continuous succession of Jeremiahs proclaiming the decadence of western civilization of which we are a part has come. And softness is always preliminary to decay. The observer who seeks to disentangle the web of cause and effect in modern life will, nevertheless, discover few clear-cut indications of positive disintegration. Baffling paradoxes will meet him in every direction. He will, for example, find subjective Freudianism and objective behaviorism supported with equal enthusiasm. He will observe that people are preoccupied with concern over their sentiments, emotions and feelings, and if he stops at this point, he will be justified in concluding that our age has become tender. On the other hand, if he proceeds to psychological and scientific laboratories, he will come upon a hard-headed devotion to the analysis of things, organisms and their functions, which is the very antithesis of softness. In every sphere of dominant interest, he will discover paradoxes and contradictions equally obscuring. In the end, he will be likely to come back with judgments which represent his individual bias more accurately than they do the social scene. Those who get satisfaction from *Weltschmerz* find no difficulty in seeing a world in decay upon which to pour their sorrows. Job's lamentations were obviously compensatory—probably primary influences in shaping his outlook upon the world. I am not conscious of the sarcoma which colors my view but I know I must have at least one.

But, coming to my theme, it seems to me that artists are too much concerned over the conditions of creativity. The fundamental current question appears to be: What sort of environment is best suited to evoke in artists the highest creative expression? Now this sounds behavioristic, but it is behaviorism turned to doubtful uses. The assumption which underlies the positive side of this query is that our conduct is directly a response to external environment, and, further, that creative results will automatically flow, once the proper environmental conditions have been met. Ordinary communities where life is lived on the level of necessity are consequently uncongenial to the artist; he must be surrounded by a social atmosphere of sympathy; he requires a degree of freedom which is not essential to the ordinary worker; in short, he needs in some way to be abstracted from the homely scene of the world's work before his creativeness can blossom. Art, according to this view, is exotic, not indigenous. It emerges, not as all other new things emerge in this world, that is, by integrations, but rather by special creation. Many artists apparently hold this belief about art and themselves. Acting on their hopes, they travel to the ends of the earth searching for the suitable environment; or they attach themselves to artist-groups in metropolitan centers, thereby hoping to achieve detachment from the petty world; or they establish artist-colonies —those modern islands of Laputa far from the world of "sweat and dirt"—where the ideal environment becomes an absorbing goal. I have observed American artists in foreign bohemias, in disrelated groups of "creative minds" in New York and Chicago and in carefully selected colonies, and in each case I have come to feel that the entire procedure was fantastic and a bit pathetic. In the "Lantern-land" of Rabelais, when the wise ones became too absorbed in their own thinking, "flappers" were appointed to flap them on the mouth and ears with blown bladders in order to bring their attention back to mundane affairs—an ingenious invention, but it would, I imagine, be wiser and more profitable to art on the whole if artists could live and work in

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ordinary communities where it would be unnecessary to employ professional "flappers."

Can artists create in America? The query betrays an unwarranted degree of self-consciousness. Creative impulses do not arise by reason of absence of obstacles. Industrialized America, so unlike the simple Athens of Pericles, may seem to be poor soil for producing creative minds, but art will either grow through and with and in this soil or not at all. Conduct, even creative conduct, is a response which carries something of the environment with it.

Art and art criticism appear to be once more on the verge of the old, old irrelevancy. "Beauty," says Roger Fry, demands "intense disinterested contemplation" and "a complete detachment from many of the meanings and implications of appearances." But how can beauty detach itself from meanings? Is the esthetic function in man something separable from his total functions? No person who is not afflicted with the disease which Percival Chubb calls "esthetic monomania" can avoid the meanings involved in beauty. The artist, whatever else he may be, is a human being who behaves, not in fractions but as a whole; he can no more account for his art by exclusive reference to emotions and feelings than the scientist can account for his conclusions by reference solely to rationality. Creativeness is not a loose kind of irrelevance which under propitious circumstances detaches itself from the whole to which it is integral; on the contrary, creativeness is a peculiar form of relevancy. Its uniqueness derives, not from irrelation, but rather from a more perfect relatedness than is achieved, for example, in crafts and industries. All real art is useful in the sense that it brings satisfactions, and all products of craftsmanship are artistic when fitness between form and function is attained. The two standards of valuation are not antagonistic but merely relative, that is, variable with respect to qualities emphasized.

Most artists know that art is work, but somehow a section of the sentimental public has come to think of creative effort as a sort of priestly indolence. Artists are, of course, not to be blamed for *this* softness—unless they are taken in by it. But that is precisely the trouble: artists, being human beings, will be taken in; they will allow themselves to be set apart for worship just as priests, medicine-men, and various kinds of experts have always succumbed to separatisms which enhanced their ego-feelings. Large urban centers like New York are deadly in this respect; reputations can, by modern high pressure methods of inside and outside publicity, be made over-night—and lost as quickly. Using the vernacular, you first make a "hit," then you make money, then you are "taken up" by some group, then you begin to go soft, and then you become artistically impotent, or what is worse, you go on repeating the "hit" which won you your first fictitious fame: a sequence which explains the careers of an appalling number of creative workers. (I am perhaps over-serious at the moment: the above sequence has recently been fulfilled in a friend who was, alas, peculiarly fitted for creative tasks.)

The foregoing is not to be taken as a plea for hair-shirts; nor am I tilting against romanticism as such—which, after all, may be more genuine for certain purposes than attitudinized objectivism; and, above all, I am not recommending a blatant hundred-percent Americanism—whatever that may mean—for art and letters. What I have written is a simple argument on behalf of keeping creative work in its proper context. Because they are so valuable as human beings, I want artists to beware of softness, artificiality and separatism.

E. C. L.

Three Sonnets

The Homebody

There still are kindly things for me to know
Who am afraid to dream, afraid to feel—
This little chair of scrubbed and sturdy deal,
This easy book, this fire, sedate and slow.
And I shall stay with them, nor cry my woe
Of wounds across my breast that do not heal,
Nor wish that Beauty drew a duller steel
Since I am sworn to meet her as a foe.

It may be, when the devil's own time is done,
That I shall hear the dropping of the rain
At midnight, and lie quiet in my bed;
Or stretch and straighten to the yellow sun,
Or face the turning tree, and have no pain:
So shall I learn at last my heart is dead.

DOROTHY PARKER.

From an Old Rice-Field

A heron started up and water broke
That slept like a dark drowsy wine before;
The curved white neck and breast of ghostly smoke
Upslanted above the rice-field bank that wore
The leaning eager face of the low moon.
And all the world of smoky opal day
Seemed made for that high-flying silver bird
That slowly fanned a careless level way
To westward, following the last mellow shine
On yellow lotus-flowers and wild green rice,
Leaving wet fields of blackening bitter wine
In search of a new bouquet and a strange spice . . .
The moon pursued her usual path and pace,
Slow silver wetting her lack-luster face.

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

Last Ritual

Black hills, receive her now, whose way has been
A thin and wandering radiance over the earth:
Open your dark gates for the entering in
Of one who was a stranger, from her birth;
Your granite beds were never meant for her,
Nor she for them—but here an end is made
Of a brief strangeness that had been the stir
Of light escaping on the edge of shade.

With all her beauty on her, all her whiteness,
Receive her, now, from us who turn to go,
Leaving the dark to feed upon her brightness,
But leaving never any sign to show
That what lies here, so lovely and alone,
Had had no league at all with flesh and bone.

DAVID MORTON.

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Jannings' First American Film

THE first film made in America by Paramount with Emil Jannings is called "The Way of All Flesh." In spite of its title (which has nothing to do with Butler's novel), it follows what seems to have become the classical formula for German cinema tragedy: it presents the demoralization and downfall of a large, honest, thickset, God-fearing, elderly, simple German. These films have sometimes been moving and effective, like Jannings' "Last Laugh"; sometimes dreary, like Werner Kraus' "Shattered." It has remained for America to make them more meretricious.

The August Schilling of "The Way of All Flesh" is a Milwaukee German-American, the cashier of a bank, the father of a family. We see him first in his home, with his six children, his serious German wife; his magnificent beard, his dignified *embonpoint* and his elastic-sided prunellas; waking up his children in the morning, putting them through setting-up exercises, overseeing their piano and violin practice, pretending to punish them severely, but secretly letting them off. Then we see him at his work in the bank, obsequious to his employer, stern but sympathetic with his subordinates, full of naïve self-importance and incorruptible conscience. In all this part of the picture, Jannings is marvelous: it is perhaps the most brilliant sequence I have ever seen him do. From the placid and banal bourgeois life of Schilling, he succeeds in extracting the same sort of poetry that Arnold Bennett derives from the Five Towns. The character created in the first part of "The Way of All Flesh" is obviously borrowed from the old door-keeper of "The Last Laugh," but it is much more completely elaborated and perhaps even more interesting.

Unfortunately, the producers of the American film were resolved to combine all the most successful features of "The Last Laugh," "Variety" and "Stella Dallas" in one great super-heart-breaker. The character described above, so lovingly and scrupulously studied by Jannings, endures only until Schilling boards the train for Chicago, where he has been sent to sell some bonds for his bank. On the train he is made to meet a siren, who catches a glimpse of the bonds in his pocket-book, picks him up, gets him drunk, induces him to shave off his beard and finally steals the bonds. We watch all this with the peculiar uneasiness which afflicts us when we are forced to follow the detailed development of a situation which has begun by revolting our sense of probability. It is unlikely in the last degree that so conscientious a fellow as Schilling would have been so careless with the bonds entrusted to him as almost to drop them out of his pocket-book: rather, he would have kept them closely buttoned up in some sort of special case and cautiously avoided intercourse with strangers. It is furthermore inconceivable that he could have been induced to shave off his beard, of which he is represented as being inordinately proud and which inspired the profound respect of his family and his business subordinates, for the whim of a shoddy baggage encountered on a train. This whole episode of the beard is merely a silly and unsuccessful attempt to repeat the episode of the door-keeper's uniform in "The Last Laugh."

When Schilling discovers that the bonds have been stolen, he follows the girl to a dive, makes a scene and is beaten up by the proprietor, who drags him out and leaves him on a railroad track. Schilling, however, comes to just in time, has a tussle with the thug and throws him under the oncoming train. He wanders away, bewildered and despairing. After a few days, he reads in a paper that his own body has been found on the railroad track and that he died in a struggle to defend himself against an assailant attempting to steal the bonds. Rather than reveal the disgraceful truth, he will never now go back home. Years pass: his children grow up; his son becomes a celebrated violinist. Schilling remains a vagrant old man, peddling chestnuts in the street. In the end, he watches through the window a Christmas celebration among his own family, then turns away into the snowstorm.

It is, of course, highly improbable that Schilling's wife would have failed to recognize—especially from his clothes—that the body of the dead gangster was not that of her husband; but what shocks us more is the perversion of Schilling's character involved in the latter part of the film. Jannings, without his beard, to all intents and purposes, plays a different character—a character rather like the showman in "Variety."

The film has been admirably directed by Victor Fleming: the minor characters—even to the people in the bank—are astonishingly well cast and played. But the producers have been so much afraid of launching the European Jannings without sufficient ballast of American hokum—they have so systematically attempted to reproduce, without consideration of their incongruity with each other, the surest-fire tragic effects of certain other pictures—that they have wasted much first-rate ability on what is essentially a maudlin film.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pleased with Prohibition

SIR: The author of the article, "Seven Years of Prohibition," in the June 8 issue, is one who knows not the internal problems, but sees from the side-lines. He is fascinated by the revolving wheels, has opened the gear case, let the grease out over his hands and new suit, meditates that "Doran is slight of frame, unassuming and sane," "Haynes was pudgy, vociferous and fanatic," then he looks at himself and begins to bawl.

A thrust is made at the Anti-Saloon League's ancient influence collecting the sum of $840,000 as if this was too much, and then he boasts of the Andrews government spending $30,000,000 in one year, carried away from his argument by the size of the amount. He decries the prohibition of the Eighteenth Amendment, but believes in the prohibition by Ray T. Tucker's influence and his associates, a prohibition against prohibition.

Your journals should publish more substantive articles that get at the fundamentals, and that do not race along with emotional hysteria, or biased political intrigues. The writer of the article, "The Movies and the Masses," is good. He can make us love mud, or, in more poetic terms, he helps us to see the electro-magnetic disturbances (light) in the human clay.

The Eighteenth Amendment is a public health legislation. Alcohol is a racial poison and begets debauchery and vice, and children born under such influences are denied their rights. Our nation cannot continue free if it permits the poisoning of unborn children. A careful study of cell fertilization and division makes this clear.

Mr. Tucker is like many who stood on the side-lines and looked at the early automobiles, saying they would never run, could never

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be made to run; but, directed by more capable builders, the automobiles do run and are of some benefit, except when guided by drunkards. To keep the automobiles going, it was often necessary to lock the machinery from being tampered with. If the machinery of prohibition were not tampered with, it would be more successful, and the public would hear the purr of a balanced operation instead of noisy, clashing gears. I remember hearing, some time ago, of a Dan Tucker who had the happy faculty of joining in the joyousness of living, swing first to the right and then to the left, and amalgamating himself with the good spirit of it all. Tuckers are not all bad. Those who enter thoroughly into a work and are not mere spectators are alone truly capable of giving correct information. EDWIN ANDERS.

Aurora, Illinois.

Lindbergh and the Cardinal

SIR: Your editorial comment on the "Mulligan MacShane" letter in your issue of June 29 gave me just as much of a mental surprise as the correspondence itself. I have bought the New Republic for the last fifteen years, am a Catholic, and an admirer of your splendid liberalism, though not always in accord with the adventurous drift of your thoughts.

In my opinion, both the New Republic and Mr. MacShane have missed the purport of the welcome paid Airman Lindbergh by Cardinal Hayes of New York. The signal honor bestowed upon the flyer by Cardinal Hayes, in full pontifical regalia, had, of course, nothing to do with propaganda, but, on the contrary, demonstrated the liberal-mindedness of the Roman Catholic Church, which is always ready to pay tribute to real manhood, whether Protestant or Catholic.

Had the leading ministers of the various denominations put in a bid for seats in the parade, they undoubtedly would have been permitted by the Walker administration to "horn in" on Lindbergh's triumphal progress up Fifth Avenue. However, those men of the cloth were caught napping, and possibly one of their ilk under the pseudonym of "Mulligan MacShane" vituperates Cardinal Hayes for his promptness in joining in America's heart greeting to her foremost airman, regardless of Church affiliations. . . .

Los Angeles, California. JULIUS VON BRANDIS.

Religion in the Schools

SIR: For a generation nothing has been seen like the gross misrepresentation that is now on, on the part of those who, wearing the livery of heaven, would serve the devil of disloyalty to the soundest of American principles, the just separation of Church and State, and would force religion (downright sectarian dogmatism) into the public schools of the country. They pretend that they want to put, during the school time, the beautiful idea that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" into the child's mind; and they and all their journalistic and judicial conspirators, as it were, with the honorable exception of Justice Seeger in the Mount Vernon, New York, school case, absolutely ignore the enormously preponderant amount of the child's time which the home and the Church, the parents and the pastors, possess, during which time they can instil any religious doctrine they wish to into the minds of the chilren whom they control. The fact is, all this flub-dub about the "godless schools" and "irreligion in the schools" is hypocritical humbug. The public schools are neither godless, nor irreligious, nor anti-religious. But, this apart, the fact is, as Dr. Maynard Shipley has very beautifully brought out in his recent book, "The War on Modern Science," which deals with the issues growing out of the Scopes case, Protestantism, to its great shame, is now letting itself be represented by its crudest Fundamentalists and is being stampeded by its Elmer Gantrys. One of these, a certain Reverend Riley, who is carrying Bryanism to its *reductio ad absurdum,* is frankly out for "putting Hell back into the schools," and also the "Mosaic cosmogony," our old friend Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses"! It would seem that, with this issue carefully defined by the walking delegates of the Federated Churches of Christ in America and the New York Federation of Churches, the public would finally wake up to the real intentions of the smug bigots who are so busily at work. On the issue of "Hell, not God, in the Schools," there is no question about it that the schools that stand by the Jeffersonian principles of freedom from sectarianism will win out, for even a sense of humor, if not of decency, will carry the day for the schools versus hell.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. HARVEY M. WATTS.

The Barclay-Vesey Building

SIR: Mr. Lewis Mumford, I am sure, is innocent of the kind of professional superciliousness which scorns the layman's opinions, preferences and enthusiasms. It is not, indeed, an opinion I wish to advance; but merely to note an enthusiasm which I know others share with me. Perhaps Mr. Mumford has heard it before, and perhaps he is quite right in ignoring it. Be that as it may, to me and to other laymen—to some few others at least—the most arresting beauty of the Barclay-Vesey Building resides in the fact that "it is awry"; that "the planes of the upper and lower parts are not in parallel relation."

While it was yet in course of construction, the steel ribs not yet attaining their final reach, the brickwork creeping up the steel many floors below, there were those who used to take trips on the ferry-boats to watch it. There are those who have taken ferry-rides since its completion to get that view of it which to Mr. Mumford most painfully discloses its "one annoying defect"; and that "defect" constituted a great part of its fascination. It was obvious that irregularity of the plot primarily dictated the clash of planes; yet we used to cherish the thought that the architects had welcomed and rejoiced in the opportunity to make so stirring a gesture. I never wasted any time imagining profound symbolisms, but it did seem that this bold effect was somehow a particularly salient manifestation of the mighty contemporaneous impulses which flower in sky-scrapers.

All the other qualities which Mr. Mumford praises, the huge realism of the mass, the freedom from "Gothic pinnacles, Romanesque entrances or classic peristyles," deserve the praise. But take a ferry-boat from Hoboken, slanting down the river, nearer and nearer to this great pile, crossing in front of it, coming to rest just below it. No four-square base and straight-cut tower could so move and change and live; none of the other great structures seen in the same sweep of the eye, many of them impressive, some of them beautiful, seems so charged with the dynamism of the age. I wish I could think, as I did before reading Mr. Mumford's article, that the architects of the Barclay-Vesey Building joyfully welcomed the irregularity of the plot as their ally in achievement. At last, without decrying their conscious achievement, it still seems to me that out of the constraints of their ground-plan they have reached their most salient and amazing triumph. SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

New York City.

Popeiana Wanted

SIR: Professor A. E. Case of Yale University and I are attempting a critical edition of Pope's "Essay on Man" and of his "Moral Essays." For this purpose we are naturally anxious to discover all relevant extant manuscript material, whether in Pope's handwriting or in that of Jonathan Richardson, Jr., and also copies of the poems annotated by either of these men. Thus far, we have discovered two manuscripts of the "Essay on Man," one in the Morgan Library at New York and one in the possession of Mr. Jerome Kern; the annotated copy mentioned in the Grolier Club catalogue (1911); and a small fragment in the British Museum. We have also found certain manuscripts of the "Moral Essays" and certain copies of them annotated by Pope in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Should any reader know of other manuscripts or annotated copies—and there must be some—we should be grateful if they would communicate with us.

We are also anxious to trace the original drawing in red chalk made by Pope for the frontispiece to the "Essay on Man," which was once owned by William Mason. Please address the writer at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

Evanston, Illinois. F. B. KAYE.

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The Navy or the Nation

Navies and Nations, by Hector C. Bywater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 285 pages. $4.

THE importance of sea power in the history of a world of empires and nations was a discovery of the later nineteenth century, with which the name of Captain A. T. Mahan is forever associated. Just then the war between the United States and Spain and that between Japan and Russia came to give concrete demonstration to the principles which he developed. Undoubtedly the revelation of the part which sea power had actually played in determining the outcome of the great epic struggles for world mastery, such as that between Rome and Carthage, and those of England against Spain, Holland, and France, tended to give it a larger place in the psychology of national relations, and made naval preparations the great and fundamental cause of that hostility between Great Britain and Germany which brought about the alignment of Europe in the Great War. Since that time the thought of the leading maritime powers has been directed to controlling the psychological factor involved in competitive naval building, in the interest of preventing, first, ruinous economic waste, and ultimately an appeal to arms merely on the issue of natural security represented by naval supremacy. The chief instrument to this end is the conference.

Mr. Bywater reviews briefly the history of sea power in the period of the Great War. That war furnished further illustration of the principle laid down by Mahan, that command of the sea is the decisive factor in victory. Mr. Bywater, indeed, regards the failure of Germany to challenge British naval superiority with her full strength in a greater Jutland as the chief of her strategical errors.

> Whether the plan of a bold fleet offensive in the North Sea, as urged by Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz, would have had the results he anticipated, must always remain a matter of speculation; but in view of what happened at Jutland it is a fair inference that such heavy damage would have been inflicted on the British Fleet as to render the maintenance of an effectual blockade precarious, if not impracticable, and this at a most critical juncture of the struggle. Had Germany contrived to keep her oversea communications even moderately secure, she would have stood an excellent chance of winning the War.

The War, which disarmed Germany, left the British in unquestioned naval supremacy until that position was challenged by the United States. The appearance of the latter power as a contender for first place in naval strength dates from 1916, when the Navy Act authorized the construction of ten battleships and six battle-cruisers, all of which were to be superior to the strongest warships then afloat. The reasons for this program can be readily understood. On the one hand, the Wilson administration was nettled at its failure to enforce respect for its neutrality in the face of the superior British fleet; and on the other, this very failure laid the United States open to reprisals from Germany in case she won the War. Little progress had been made in carrying out this program when the Armistice rendered it unnecessary on the original grounds. During the peace negotiations, however, the United States saw fit to employ the psychological influence of the naval menace. Mr. Bywater cites Representative Butler's authority for the fact that Congress appropriated $400,000,000, on the cabled demand of President Wilson at Versailles, for ships which he "never intended to build." Although this additional program was not carried out, the United States laid down sixteen great capital ships between 1919 and 1921, and Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, talked in his report for 1920 of making the Navy of the United States the strongest in the world. Mr. Bywater confesses that "it is difficult to fathom the underlying motives of President Wilson's naval policy." He generously suggests that Mr. Wilson was working for peace by offering the practical alternative of joining the League of Nations or building the greatest navy in the world. If so, he was incredibly mistaken as to the psychology of his own people. Perhaps he had in mind the shameful way in which the Allies had let him down in the matter of the fourteen points, especially the first, which, having to do with the freedom of the seas, was withdrawn from discussion by Great Britain before the Armistice was signed. At all events, the big navy program was a popular gesture, and not until Great Britain and Japan felt compelled to respond to our program did the logical consequences of this rivalry so appeal to the American political consciousness that an alternative was sought. That alternative was the Washington Conference of 1921.

Mr. Bywater is anxious to maintain the full responsibility of the United States for the Conference and disarm those unfriendly critics in this country who insist that the proposal of the Conference came from Great Britain, and that she not only initiated but controlled it for her own purposes. It may well be that the three powers most intimately concerned exchanged views beforehand and that it was known in advance that Great Britain and the United States would accept equality in place of actual or anticipated superiority, and that Japan agreed to accept a ratio of three to their five. Aside from this preliminary agreement, however, the impartial character of the Conference can be measured by the fact that, since its conclusion, the experts of each nation have vied with each other in denouncing it as ruinous to their respective navies. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bywater has no difficulty in showing that, from the point of view of the nation as against that of the navy, substantial benefits have accrued to each participant.

Of these results, the chief is due to the restriction upon naval bases. As the result, the three leading naval nations are left supreme, each in its quarter of the globe, with no strategic possibility of coming into contact: in the event of a war between the United States and Japan, Mr. Bywater points out that it would be madness for Japan to send her capital ships as far from her home waters as Hawaii, and that the United States, lacking her projected bases at Manila and Guam, is too far away at Hawaii to organize a descent on Japan. The Philippines would of course fall at once an easy prey to Japan, and could only be retaken at great cost. Similarly, in event of war between the United States and Great Britain, Jamaica, instead of serving as a base of operations against the Panama Canal, would fall into the hands of the United States—which in turn would lack an overseas base for naval warfare against Great Britain. Should Great Britain and Japan fall out, Japan would have no bases from which to attack Canada or Australia. Great Britain, however, would have the base at Singapore, the construction of which, abandoned by the Labor government, but resumed by the Tories, Mr. Bywater considers a mistake. It is a threat to Japan, if not of invasion, at least of distant blockade. It is a potential danger to its possessor. It is easier to attack from Japan than is Australia, would swallow

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up immense resources of defense, and might become a second Port Arthur—to say nothing of the possibility that its capture would make real the hypothetical liability of Australia to invasion. And even if the building of the base could be defended on grounds of strategy, "there are," says Mr. Bywater, "occasions when the true interests of the Empire are better served by subordinating military demands to the higher claims."

The Singapore base remains one of the lapses of the Washington Conference. A far more serious one was the failure to limit the construction of auxiliary vessels. This meant "that the prime object of the Conference had been found unattainable." The exemption of various types of vessel left loopholes for competitive building on the part of dissatisfied nations, and indeed stimulated development of such types, e. g., the cruiser and the submarine, to greater efficiency. The Conference itself gave a lead in this direction when it established for cruisers maxima of 10,000 tons and eight-inch guns, which were in advance of anything in process of building at the time. These errors are too obviously bearing fruit at Geneva to need further emphasis. Mr. Bywater gives the arguments for the retention by Great Britain of her superiority in cruisers; and for the activity of France in building submarines. In spite of the defense of the unrestricted use of the submarine by French naval authorities, and the threatening attitude of certain of them toward Great Britain (exhibited, for instance, by Admiral Aube, who sees in the next war "all of England's littoral towns . . . burned or pitilessly ransomed," and torpedo boats sending to the bottom ocean steamers, "cargo, crew and passengers, not only without remorse, but proud of the achievement"), Mr. Bywater does not seem much alarmed. He thinks it "no more than a regrettable coincidence that many of the naval craft by which France hopes to guard her vital line of communication with Africa should be precisely of the types that she could employ with maximum effect in a war with Great Britain."

Although Mr. Bywater makes a survey of naval conditions and strategic problems the world over, it is clear that he feels that future naval history will be written by the three maritime powers. He is hopeful that this history will be written in conference rather than in battles. After all, a conference is an arbitration. It takes account of the relative forces, material and psychological, involved in the dispute, and undertakes to arrive at the resultant by intellectual computation rather than physical competition. How full of pitfalls is the latter method Mr. Bywater illustrates by Lord Fisher's launching of the first dreadnought. This was supposed to be a more powerful instrument of war than any other nation could construct, and to put Great Britain so far ahead that rivalry would be useless. In fact, its duplication by Germany at once tended to render null and void the supremacy of Great Britain based on her older vessels, and gave the race a new and equal start. It is of such costly blunders, as well as of battles, that Mr. Bywater is thinking when he writes:

> Measured by the dismal records of the past, the Washington Conference was a stupendous success. It nipped in the bud a new and most ominous development of rivalry at sea which, if allowed to proceed unchecked, must sooner or later have led to a fresh conflagration . . . It created a precedent of which posterity, if not our own generation, will assuredly avail itself if ever the peace of the world is again menaced by competitive preparation for war.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Saga of Science

Exploring the Universe, by Henshaw Ward. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 353 pages. $3.50.

Kernels of the Universe, by C. B. Bazzoni. New York: George H. Doran Company. 189 pages. $1.25.

The Romance of the Atom, by Benjamin Harrow. New York: Boni and Liveright. 162 pages. $1.50.

The Seven Seals of Science, by Joseph Mayer. New York: The Century Company. 444 pages. $3.50.

FEW romances titillate the imagination more agreeably than the saga of modern science. But even the most eager reading of these thrillers still leaves at the bottom of the reader's mind a sediment of intellectual dissatisfaction. Who, we feel impelled to wonder, show less understanding of the character of science—the heroes of these desperate encounters with the basilisk of Nature, or the *minnesingers* who celebrate their victories?

Of all the troubadours of this age of heroism, none understands his audience better than Mr. Henshaw Ward. He knows John Doe down to the ground, and he tells him exactly what he will be most interested to hear—wonders, and mysteries, and strange, inexplicable happenings. Like the returned explorer, he bears tales of marvels almost beyond belief. It makes no difference that his explorations have been not to distant continents and inaccessible plateaus, but inward to infinite minutiæ and outward to illimitable void. His journeys are to the Brobdingnag of the stars, where distance is reckoned in light years, and to the Lilliput of atoms, where the "tenth meter" (10^{-10} meters) is the standard unit, with a side trip through the circulatory system of the Yahoos. Mr. Ward is a master of visual imagery, as every good travelogian should be. If the sun is a tennis ball in New Orleans, the earth is a speck of dust twenty-three feet away, and the nearest star is another tennis ball in Duluth. If a drop of water is a hundred million miles in diameter, a water molecule is eight miles across and an electron eight inches. To a molecule of sugar seeking to be digested, an epithelial cell of the intestine "looks five miles wide." What a pity that no moving pictures can be brought back from such adventures!

Professor Bazzoni and Mr. Harrow are perhaps less picturesque. But then, they are probably appealing to another audience. These writers also have respected the ignorance of their readers. They assume that, like Shakespeare, we have small physics and no math. But they have tried to show, none the less, what physics and even what mathematics lie behind the romance of electrons. They do not calculate, but they do cite Moseley's equation and Planck's constant.

Some readers, ignorant though they be, still will not be content with being told that electrons are small, but will insist upon knowing something, at least, of the steps by which such wonders have been demonstrated. For them, these books cannot be too highly recommended. In the field of sub-molecular research, the work of physicists and chemists has more and more converged in recent years. These two accounts, one by a chemist (Harrow), the other by a physicist (Bazzoni), parallel each other almost point for point. Each is lucid beyond anything we have seen recently. Reading them will not make one a scientist. But no one who will read them both, applying the text of one to the diagrams of the other as a check to correct understanding, need complain any longer of not knowing what it is all about. He will not "know all about" Bohr's

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atom or Planck's quantum; but he will have some notion of how Planck's quantum and Bohr's atom fit together and match up with the demonstrations of Moseley and the speculations of Langmuir and Lewis, forming a continuous theoretical web inconceivably delicate but firm.

What these theories then signify still remains to be shown. Mr. Harrow quotes the biographer of Sir William Crookes as saying that the true man of science worships but one god—truth; that he despises ecclesiastics for teaching half-truths for the sake of influence, politicians for dressing up truth in a partisan guise, business men for subordinating truth to personal gain. "This view may be true of the 'true man of science,'" says Harrow, "but I have yet to find him. . . . The scientist may be, and usually is, the truth-seeker so long as he is in the laboratory, but out of it he becomes D'Albe's ecclesiastic, politician and business man." Of all the anomalies of science, this is the strangest! Science is the worship of the truth. Do these devotionals dispose the mind to verity? Not in the least! Professor Mayer has, he tells us, labored in the scientific vineyard for twenty years; and, at the end of that time, he has presented us with a history of science couched in the imagery of "The Revelation of St. John the Divine." Let no one suppose this pretty fancy to be confined only to the title. The whole work is devoted to the breaking of the seals. Each successive science has been definitely unsealed by seven successive and, we may presume, inspired representatives of the Lamb. Each in his proper turn is duly named. I would list them; but this is no place for a calendar of saints. The curious reader can peruse the book.

Nevertheless, we may be permitted to wonder how such things can be. Mr. Harrow, turning philosopher at the end of his book on science, suggests that "the very first task which confronts scientists is to continue to think scientifically *after* they have left their laboratories." He refers to the ardent plea of James Harvey Robinson for scientific spirit among the masses. This plea has been repeated and extended by Mr. Ward. In a chapter called "What Is Science Becoming?" he makes a finely sincere attempt to reach the marrow of the problem. Like many others, he finds that science focuses on "observation" of "facts"; and so, no doubt, it does. But when he goes on to suggest that the science of the future may solve the vicious problems of our social life by hard-headed observation of concrete facts, his formula sounds extraordinarily fatuous. He is a man of remarkable humility, and would certainly deprecate any proposal on our part to take his very random suggestions for scientific fact-finding as anything more than illustrative. But the fact remains that they are preposterous suggestions. Mr. Harrow is probably right in thinking that even the intensest scientific discipline is not enough to prepare us to face even the obvious facts of social life.

Indeed, the study of science does not particularly predispose the mind to see the facts of science, beyond what is for the moment under the 'scope. Thus Professor Mayer has arranged his sciences in chronological order, according to a sort of historic periodic law. History, he says, discloses a "definite chronological order" in which the seals "have to be broken." This has become known "only recently." Now it seems to me that even a small child presented with this "fact" would inquire "Why?" With what does this order correlate? Not only does Professor Mayer never say; apparently, it never occurred to him to wonder. He has actually rendered up this "law" without a quiver of curiosity as to what the internal constitution of the sciences may be that obliges them to develop thus one after the other: mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry and so on.

If I may be allowed to make what seems to me a very obvious suggestion, it is that the order of the unfolding of our sciences is technological. Truth is no respecter of sciences, nor are instruments of precision; but the leaning tower of Pisa is a simpler instrument than the compound microscope. Thus certain elements of physics preceded all of histology. If the interferometer is still more complex than the compound microscope, that only proves, I think, that physics was not wholly unsealed by Newton nor astronomy by Galileo. Furthermore, a corollary to our "periodic law" can now be drawn. When some genius of the laboratory invents a telescope through which we can observe the satellites of Washington, London, Paris and Berlin, then—and for all the yearnings of science enthusiasts, not until then—shall we have an exact science of society.

C. E. Ayres.

More Humane History

English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century, by A. S. Turberville. New York: Oxford University Press. 531 pages. $4.

A NEW humanism is reasserting the importance of man in his habits, as he lives, as the object of scholarship. We are, therefore, profiting by a series of humane studies, biographies, autobiographies, letters, and journals, which seek to place a particular person realistically in the context of his time. The result is a better kind of biography, and, for the general reader, a better kind of history. An example of a few years' standing is Mr. Newman Flower's volume, "George Frederic Handel: His Personality and His Time," a vivid portrait with a rich background.

With less feeling for life, Miss Turberville has depicted mankind in the same century, indicating, through the activities of ministers, merchants, soldiers, artists and divines, something of the pattern of the social fabric. But the number of important men and the variety of manners make difficult, in a single volume, a successful representation of the life of that swiftly changing century.

"An introduction to the eighteenth century as it is reflected in the lives of some of the principal figures of the period" is the author's objective. An outline of events through 1783 is followed by a section of about one hundred pages, entitled "The Social Scene." This section affords tantalizingly brief glimpses of the Court; the World of Fashion; the Middle Class; the Watering-Places; the Farmer; the Literati; the Manufacturer; etc. Another one hundred pages surveys the political fortunes of successive ministries, from the days of Halifax through those of Rockingham—a close packed section with more of fact in it than the general reader, attuned to other sections, will relish. Brief, somewhat encyclopedic chapters follow on the Divines; the Artists—including painters, architects, furniture-makers and interior decorators, and pottery-manufacturers; the Drama, Stage, and Music; the Empire Builders; the Soldiers; etc. In each case the author intends to center attention upon outstanding figures: Sacheverell, Bishop Burnet, Priestley, Chippendale, Mrs. Siddons, Wedgewood, Warren Hastings, Marlborough, William Pitt—yet almost never does a personality in the round emerge from the printed record. The narrative is reinforced by extraordi-

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narily interesting illustrations: facsimile pages from Houghton's Collections, throwing contemporary light upon business projects, prices and epidemics; reproductions of contemporary portraits and engravings; and, best of all, contemporary caricatures by Gilray and others. Explicit connection, however, is rarely established between the illustrations and the text.

From time to time, the author endeavors to fit the men into thought patterns of their time, but abandons the attempt too quickly. One notes, for instance, the absence of the philosophers from the roll of great men, yet manners and morals as they affected both life and art owe as much to the teachings of Shaftesbury and the rhapsodists, Berkeley, the Deists, etc., as to the clash of political factions by which mere ministries rose or fell. Of comparable importance in its effect upon conduct and taste was the rise to wealth, education, and social position of the Puritan bourgeoisie, yet this influence, too, is, for the most part, unexplored.

Literature, in an age when letters were especially a criticism of life, is treated with cursory consideration. Two pages are devoted to fiction and memoirs as social documents; Defoe and Dr. Johnson are discussed as representatives of Grub Street; Goldsmith is discussed in connection with the stage; these are the only writers to receive treatment proportionate to that accorded admirals, cabinet-makers, and divines.

On closing the volume, the reader applauds the intention, and turns back to enjoy again the quaint, the elegant, the facetious portrayal of men and manners by artists of the time. But for the personalities of the men who made the century, and for the spirit of their age, one would still turn by preference to the proper chapters of John Richard Green.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

Companion for a Journey

Nippon, by Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by John de la Valette. New York: George H. Doran Company. 284 pages. $6.

THERE is no reason, perhaps, why a great novelist should be a writer of charming travel letters, but when a mind as sensitive as the mind of Louis Couperus is brought into touch with an interesting foreign country, the relating of what he saw and felt is bound to make a book of importance. "Nippon" is the second volume of the Dutch master's notes, written in 1922 for the Haagsche Post, and follows the account of his visit to the Dutch East Indies, published previously as "Eastward." He was long and seriously ill in Japan; his death followed soon after, and the shadow of weakness is over these pictures. This explains somewhat the difference between the two books. "Eastward" has more strength and power; this is the hand which wrote "The Hidden Force." It has also an up-surging love of tremendous tropical landscape and a patriotic enthusiasm. "Nippon" is like the conversation of a great man in tired moments; sometimes he is merely peevish.

The result is not a comprehensive nor an altogether just book on Japan. It is not even always accurate as to facts, as when it states that Buddhism came in the reign of Jimmu Tenno—eleven centuries at least before the advent of that new faith. But no one would reasonably choose such a work for guide-book information. It serves a purpose more difficult to fulfill, although often attempted.

Permit a grateful reader to explain his enthusiasm by saying that reading "Nippon" is like traveling intimately with a sensitive, gifted companion who has achieved through a lifetime of artistry the power of self-revelation. These are "impressionistic" travel notes, but they put the amateur to shame. Most people travel in order to talk about it afterwards. And over their unstudied babblings hangs the stale air of familiarity. Tourist impressions are as much alike as tourists, and as innocent in their tedious repetitions of each other. Through the fragmentary, highly subjective, cunningly presented essays of Couperus shines the grace which would have been enjoyed if one could have gossiped casually with him as he went.

The exquisiteness of style is evident through a translation nearly always smooth and easy, although English idiom sometimes suffers. One is led to take for granted faithfulness to the original.

I do not mean to say, however, that "Nippon" is interesting only because it is beautifully expressed. The professional concocters of exotic loveliness are as much shamed as the amateur impressionists. Couperus' later creed, which the translator states in the preface, "That external beauty is but the radiance of inner values," compelled him to pierce the lacquered surfaces of Japanese life. He visited the *yoshiwara* in Yokohama, as so many others have done, but he neither snickers at nor worships the painted human dolls for sale there. "And so their sad little lives shrivel and wither until they become too old, too ugly, and too ill, when all that is left for them is to crawl away and hide in some corner."

Couperus smiles at himself for being a gentleman and demanding comfort, but he does not apologize for being a mere visitor. "The national character and a people's soul are what I try to sound, even though I spend but a few weeks among a people." Possibly he does not altogether make good this difficult intention; the most perspicacious of travelers cannot see very clearly through a hospital window. But his civilized eye sees much of the truth as well as the beauty of the Japanese landscape, and, above all, he offers the armchair tourist a real friend for the journey.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Stones of Charleston

The Octagon Library of Early American Architecture. Volume I. Charleston, South Carolina, edited by Albert Simons and Samuel Lapham, Jr. New York: Press of the American Institute of Architects, Inc. $20.

THIS is the first of a series of architectural studies, which have not merely an esthetic interest, but which are of considerable importance as historic documents. The book consists of sumptuous photographs, sketches, and measured drawings, attended by an intelligent historic commentary; in opening the series with Charleston, the publishers have likewise uncovered a treasury of excellent vernacular building. Up to the present, the more formal Georgian and neo-classic designs have occupied the attention of the architectural student: Salem, Philadelphia, and the Virginia plantations have done duty overtime as examples of our architectural past; and when a more homely flavor was introduced, it was only in the northern farmhouse, Dutch or Connecticut as the case might be. In Charleston there is, of course, a considerable amount of work that resembles the familiar models; but there are likewise a number of inter-

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esting houses which were built in a free vernacular, and designed for urban conditions. The houses at 114 and 116 Church Street, for example, are as direct and finely designed, in externals, as it is possible to imagine: the simple façade is set off by a delicate iron balcony which completes the whole design. The same simple excellence was displayed in some of the servants' quarters, and in rice mills bearing dates as late as 1830 and 1860; and it disappeared only when the fashion and pretense of neo-classicism substituted clumsy porticoes and heavy iron embellishments for the more direct designs of the early builders. Here is proof enough that the industrial and commercial processes are antagonistic to beautiful building only when the common taste and habit of mind will have it so. Up to the Civil War, in spite of successive changes of style, there was a coherent architecture in Charleston because there was, apparently, something like a common civilization; a civilization which covered by its characteristic forms the shop and the factory and the mill, as well as the mansion and the town house. One may be offended by various elements in this civilization; but one cannot doubt that it was formative influence, which took the actual physical institutions it possessed and, esthetically, made the most of them. Such books as this point out clearly that the history of our country has only begun to be written; the best of our historians are still anatomists, articulating the skeleton of our past, and they have been driven, partly through ignorance and partly through lack of interest, to ignore the rich and infinitely varied tissue of our regional cultures. Is it not somewhat important to realize that, at a time when industrialism was creating bleak factories and hideous tenements in New York, the slaves of Charleston were frequently housed in excellently designed barracks, and set to work in Palladian rice mills? I do not say that this proves that one part of our civilization was, in the final reckoning, any better than the other; what it does show is that there was a profound range of difference: and this explains the contempt of the South for the North, and the distrust of the utilitarian North for the South, better than off-hand references to Southern fire-eaters and Northern abolitionists. But I must not dwell on the social implications of this significant architectural monograph. Nineteen more books are promised in the series, the second on New Orleans, and if they live up to the standard of the present work they will be an indispensable part of our growing Americana.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Nun's Poetry

Penelope and Other Poems, by Sister M. Madeleva. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 59 pages. $1.25.

IT is told that one winter night St. Francis was seen to go forth into the snow, maddened with grief. Under the frigid winter moon, he made seven masses of snow, and said, "Here is thy wife, these four are thy sons and daughters, and the other two are thy servant and handmaid." It is probably the same human impulse which impels Sister Madeleva to break into words of such rigorous passion as "The Swimmer":

> Afraid? Of you, strong proxy lover, you, God's sea?
> I give you my small self ecstatically,
> To be caught, held, or buffeted; to rest
> Heart to your heart, and breast to breathing breast;
> To know on arms and cheeks, on brow and lips the bliss,
> The stinging madness of one infinite kiss;

These first lines are real poetry, but the last—"In the safe compass of the everlasting arms"—has almost the triteness of a Methodist hymn. To us who are a little amazed at the poet's pagan flavor, she speaks at once illuminatingly and lyrically in "To the Initiate":

> But to your lips I press
> Only the white flame of desire;
> If two parts are caress,
> Two parts are cleansing fire.

Curiously enough, "To One Procrustes" might almost have been written by Dorothy Parker:

> Do not misunderstand the smile
> I send from my Procrustean bed;
> It means that in a little while
> It shall have done and I be dead.

And in much of Sister Madeleva's poetry there is not only a facility, but, surprisingly enough, a philosophy of utterance, akin to Elinor Wylie and Edna St. Vincent Millay. But Sister Madeleva deals in varieties of emotion with a passionate sincerity so strong that it misses one most important element—austerity. It comes forth in a burst of phrases alive and vital in themselves, but not integrating into a single or consistently cumulative effect. Sister Madeleva has the stuff from which poetry is spun, but the spinning is yet that of a novice.

ELLING AANNESTAD.

A Mirror of Youth

Young in the "Nineties," by Una Hunt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 313 pages. $2.

THE bud which in "Una Mary" gave promise of a delicate bloom unfolds in this second book of reminiscences by Mrs. Hunt. In her thirteenth year, the child Una, faced with household responsibilities, suddenly realized that she had put her world of make-believe behind her. Although the world of childish fantasy had slipped away, there was a fascination to the new world in which she found herself. Walking down the streets where at any time one might meet members of the oriental Legations in their national costumes was like stepping into one of Kay Nielsen's illustrations for Andersen's fairy tales. At the receptions given by Mr. Hitchcock, the minister from Hawaii, to diplomats of the Far East, his daughter and Una revelled in over-the-banister glimpses. But when they excitedly ran away from school to see Coxey's Army march to the Peace Monument, they were shocked by the drabness of the jobless tatterdemalions.

Not only in the ceremony and processions did the young romantic find a spring-board for her imagination. In addition to the diplomats, there were, in that Riggs Place group of which Una was one of the child members, explorers and scientists in the employ of the government. Her uncle Averill's discovery of an Alaskan mountain, which he named Unana, fired her no less than Professor Langley's experimental flying-machine, popularly known as Langley's Folly.

It is always the imaginative which Mrs. Hunt endows with vitality. In the outreaching of her mind one senses a growing feeling of superiority which the eighteen-year-old Una draws upon in entering the magic circle of Washington. "Socially, I was Miss Grundy. But all the time I was half crying inside; it was so degrading to truckle

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to these people whom I despised." When at length Una escaped the petty rounds of society by going alone to study at Boston's Art Museum, she saw herself no longer in need of a protecting shell, but as a grown woman standing firmly and independently at the beginning of a career.

Mrs. Hunt has pictured the gradual unfolding of a young girl's heart and mind with so deft a touch that, whether our youth lay in the "nineties" or in the nineteen-hundreds, we feel a quick response. No matter that the material setting has been vested with the degree of importance it would seem to possess in Mrs. Hunt's backward-turning eyes. The flowering process knows no time nor place. When it has been so charmingly reflected for us, we can only be thankful for the mirror in which it is glimpsed.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

Fiction of Sorts

Roman Summer, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

O'Flaherty the Great, by John Cournos. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Kit O'Brien, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Moonraker, by F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR some reason, it is usually irritating to read a book about a writer. It is too much like listening to shop-talk, or to a newspaper columnist complaining in print (as he is fond of doing) about how hard it is to fill a column, and thereby helping to fill it. In the case of a novel, it leads us to suspect at least a certain barrenness of invention, or lack of anything important to say, on the part of the author. Frank autobiography and out-and-out tracts we will resign ourselves to, but not autobiography or tracts dressed up in the guise of fiction. "Roman Summer" is, at best, a tract. It sets out to answer the question, "What shall an American writer do to save his soul?" The answer is both depressing and unconvincing. John Austin, a small-town *précieux,* leaves his newspaper job and seeks "the creative flow" in Italy. He finds an alien civilization and a disturbing love affair, and comes home to settle down in a smaller and cruder town, in a boarding house furnished exclusively with birds-eye maple, to write Dreiserian crudities about his neighbors, and to marry his landlady's daughter. The book is written conscientiously, in uninspired and uninspiring fashion. It is not full of sound and fury, but the rest of the quotation applies.

"O'Flaherty the Great," while not done with anything like the care or even the command of English which Mr. Lewisohn can bring to his writing, is decidedly more impressive. It is a crude piece of work altogether, and its argument sticks through its skinny hide in every direction, but there is just enough life in its carcase to keep it going to the finish. This, too, is a story about artists and the disaster that overtakes the artistic soul when it attempts an unworthy compromise with life. But the moral does not bite us so persistently that we cannot sometimes forget it, and become interested in the story. For, with however heavy a hand, Mr. Cournos has drawn for us a series of types in black and white that occasionally have human likenesses; and that is at least more entertaining than inspecting a portrait of the author in fancy dress.

It's a far cry, and few echoes, from Spoon River to "Kit O'Brien." This latest story of Mr. Masters' is drawn, indeed, to entirely different specifications—in fact, there is some question as to whether it is even meant to house a grown-up reader. Kit O'Brien's flight from Petersburg, his adventures on the way, his encounter with the mysterious veiled lady and the crazy "Master," his return, the climax of his arrest and trial, are all told by himself, with disarming, if not convincing, candor. The scene is supposedly laid in Petersburg, but we do not need Mr. Masters' preliminary disclaimer to recognize it as a kind of fairyland.

When "Moonraker" first slips over our horizon under a spanking breeze, she gives exciting promise of a quick, straightforward voyage, with a few enlivening squalls and encounters on the way. "Her bowsprit, with the jibboom and flying jibboom, was the hell of a length, and it was steeved right up so that the tip of the flying-jibboom looked to be above her fore-yard." But alas! the wind drops, and in the ensuing drift we soon lose all sense of direction. The story is not only condensed but repressed, so that it ends almost before we feel that it has properly begun. It is both too crowded and has not enough in it, though all the threads you could want for a grand yarn are here: a witch, a runaway sailor boy, a female pirate, Toussaint L'Ouverture, San Domingo, voodoo. But the threads fray and tangle and break in the spinning, so that the simple original pattern is lost and overlaid with conflicting and unfinished designs. It may be a doubtful compliment to Miss Jesse to say that she writes like a man; at any rate, she writes well, and like a man—though like a man who is not yet sure of what he wants to write.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

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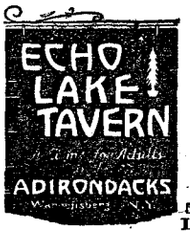

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